What Frances E. Willard Said

Edited By Anna A. Gordon

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WHAT FRANCES E. WILLARD SAID

Let us fling ourselves out into the thickening battle; let us live the life of action, which is the only true and happy life. Men tell us God is force—nay, He is that purposed force behind all forces, that combines head, hand and heart; God is ACTION—let us be like God.

"I believe more than I know," is the keynote of all great souls. It was the watchword of Columbus when he adventured upon unknown seas, and of Stanley when he plunged into poisonous jungles. It was the watchword of Franklin as he sent out his kite, and it inspired the great magician Edison in the patient researches of his light-giving laboratory. Without it science would be handcuffed, reform paralyzed, religion dead. Faith is God's dynamite; evermore let it go on bombarding ignorance, prejudice, prerogative, and precedent. Scientific theism is today the outer court of Christ's own temple, and its wonderful watchword rings out clearer than in any other age, "I believe more than I know."

You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge yourself into one.

Some men say if women are ordained to preach, it will disrupt the home. As well might they talk of driving back the tides of the sea. The mother-heart will never change. Woman enters the arena of literature, art, business—what you will—becomes a teacher, a physician, a philanthropist, but she is a woman first of all, and cannot deny herself. In all these great vocations she has still been "true to the kindred points of heaven and home."

Are they not all ministering spirits? Let us be glad of immortality, and of all those who have loved it, as all great souls have done. Let us wait like a sentry on duty, listening for the word of command in this brief earthly battle, that we may become skilled soldiers in the great unseen battle of the forces of good, when, with no weariness following our work, we are God's true, bright messengers to the suffering and bewildered of this world.

Great sheltering mountains with peaks glowing in the sun are fitted to inspire enthusiasm whether they are mountains of stone or of character.

Every Gethsemane has beside it the serene, sweet heights of the Mount of Olives, and from its summit, the resurrection into the heaven of heavens.

Those who by their gifts of brain and heart were formed to be in some sweet sense mothers to those outside their homes, may bring to the wider ministries of life's long afternoon the culture of soul which they acquired in the ministries of the cradle and the fireside.

I cannot help believing that the world will be a better and a happier place when people are praised more and blamed less; when we utter in their hearing the good we think, and also gently intimate the criticisms we hope may be of service. For the world grows smaller every day. It will be but a family circle after a while.

Shall a mother hesitate to ask that the home be protected by two votes instead of one? Should she not stand like Minerva, with helmet, shield and spear, full panoplied against the foes of her helpless little ones? Yea, verily, and a score of years shall see the Goddess of Liberty descending from her lofty perch on capital domes and standing by the cradle-side; nay, she will put rockers on the ballot-box and make of the votes within a pillow for the heads of little children.

Great souls must have humor no less than pathos, power balanced by repose. Great souls must not have petty ways; must not take umbrage nor make an issue over trifles. They must let every clock tick on until it has ticked out, and themselves only chime the full sweet hours with voices musical and soothing. Great souls must have a divine, not a human curiosity, never resting until they have traced their principles back to the heart of God. They must have a divine, not a human discontent, a wistfulness that finds its rest alone in Christ and His gospel.

There are the same difficulties in enforcing the restrictions of license as those of prohibition. We have also learned that if prohibition does not always prohibit, neither does civilization always civilize, nor education educate, nor Christianity Christianize. But they are God's great levers by which we can lift; His blessed tools with which we can work, His leaven in the lump of humanity obedient to the slow, sure law of growth. As these mighty forces of God are granted all the time there is, with full scope to run and be glorified, we have learned to claim as much for Prohibition, youngest but most hopeful daughter in Christ's Kingdom.

Gentleness, the perfect flower of strength, the ornament of industry, the fragrance of integrity, cannot live without sobriety. That is its vital breath, its native air. For gentleness is "governor" of character's great engine, the plumb-line of its perfectness, the binnacle that holds its compass true; so that when you have "boxed the compass" you shall find sobriety the virtue that dominates all others, since the clear, calm, normal brain turns the pointer of all human hope.

Moral horticulture is more to a boy than all the classics and mathematics ever thrust upon his mental palate; instruction in the daily bread of Christian ethics inculcated as a theory and illustrated as an art would be to him the bread of life.

The teaching of hygiene in the public schools will steadily become a means of grace, and the fight for a clear brain which the temperance reform is making will help to usher in a more religious age than the world has even seen, for only when the cobwebs are all swept away from the soul's skylight can a man really think God's thoughts after Him.

I have always been impatient of our planet's name—"the earth." What other, among the shining orbs, has a designation so insignificant? That we have put up with it so long is a proof of the awful inertia of the aggregate mind, almost as surprising as our endurance of the traffic in alcoholic poison. With Jupiter and Venus, Orion and the Pleiades smiling down upon us in their patronizing fashion, we have been contented to inscribe on our visiting cards, "At Home: *The Earth!*" Out upon such paucity of

language! "The dust o' the ground" forsooth! That answered well enough perhaps for a dark-minded people who never even dreamed they were living on a star. Even now an army of good folks afraid of the next thing, just because it is the next, and not the last, will doubtless raise holy hands of horror against the proposition I shall proceed to launch forth for the first time, though it is harmless as the Pope's bull against the comet. They will probably oppose me, too, on theological grounds, for, as Coleridge has it,

> "Time consecrates,
> And what is gray with age becomes religion."

Nevertheless, since we do inhabit a star, I solemnly propose we cease to call it a dirt heap, and being determined to live up to my light, I hereby bring forward and clap a patent upon the name *Concordia.*

Let us be careful to maintain the small, sweet courtesies of life, and, most of all, may we be divinely led to keep in touch with the hearts of the humblest. We do more good by magnifying in our common life the sense of brotherhood than by the gift of dimes or dollars.

The very core of religious fanaticism, whether it be in the medicine lodge of the savage, among the fetish-makers of the East, or in the cathedrals of Europe and America, is the dwelling in doctrine instead of doing for those about us. The curse, canker, rust and blight of the religious life, have been that we theorized instead of practiced, and that we antagonized those who differed from us as to our theories.

Knowledge is that totality of impressions from without and within that memory holds; wisdom touches knowledge as sunshine falls on the tree-top and irradiates it with light; philosophy is knowledge warmed and illuminated with a sense of our Heavenly Father as its author.

We have everything to gain and nothing to lose from free discussion, from experimental study of results, whether physical or financial, moral or mercantile, ethical or aesthetic. These are the hidings of power, the strong foundations on which, as on a rock, we have begun to rear the edifice of a clear brain—an edifice that shall extend and rise until it becomes the Pharos of humanity.

Beauty of manner, of achievement, and of utterance has a fadeless charm. It opens all hearts, it makes those once obscure the favorites of fortune, the heroes of society, the peers of kings.

You have been down by some great lake and you have seen how the ship goes out and out, and sinks and sinks, and after a while the white sail is seen no more, and you say to yourself, "It is gone." But no, it is not gone. That good ship had a captain, and there was a hand upon the helm. They did not notice that vanishing, artificial horizon; that was simply the place where your sight failed. And so the beautiful life barque speeds on over the rippling seas of eternity.

Genius would rather go and tell its story to the whole world than to an individual. There is no stronger proof of its universality than this. Poets and heroes always take the human race into their confidence—and to the everlasting credit of the race let it be said, that confidence is not abused!

A little ant toiling along with her grain of wheat helps on the universal emergence of chaos into order.

It is not learning, nor eloquence, nor generosity, nor insight, nor the tidal rush of impassioned feeling which will most effectually turn the dark places in men's hearts to light, but that enkindling and transforming temper which forever sees in humanity not that which is bad and hateful but that which is lovable and improvable, which can both discern and effectually speak to that nobler longing of the soul which is the indestructible image of its Maker. It is this enduring belief in the redeemable qualities of the vilest manhood which is the most potent spell in the ministry of Christ.

Society and government are but the connecting wires of God's great telegraphic system along which He sends the shock of power from His own heart. They are but the channels, conduits and conductors of His thought, His purpose, His affection.

The crown of creation, so far as we know, is the domelike head carried on human shoulders. This is the universe in miniature, the nearest to God of anything of which we are aware. Forth from it has come all that makes the earth different from a den of beasts.

We are graduates! How very little does the word mean, and yet how much! It means years of patient, silent brain work, discipline, obedience to the will of others. It means that we have started on the beautiful search after truth and right and peace. Only started —only opened the door. Thank God! we may go on forever alone.

We all believe that one of the choicest fruits of Christianity will be the growth of a bond of brotherhood and sisterhood so close among all nations, races and peoples, that we shall become truly kindred each to the other, and that great word Humanity, like a rolling wave of the ocean of God's love, shall wash out from the sands of time the words caste, creed, sex, and even that good word patriotism, because we shall feel that the whole world is our country and all men are our kin. Every utterance of appreciation, affection and friendship; every token of mutual co-operation; every stroke of honest hard work undertaken side by side; every sincere prayer, helps forward this beautiful day that we call the coming of the Kingdom of Christ.

In learning to mount a bicycle you have to balance your system more carefully than you ever did your accounts; not the smallest fraction can be out of the way, or away you go, the treacherous steed forming one half of an equation and yourself with a bruised knee forming the other. You must add a stroke at just the right angle to mount, substract one to descend, divide them equally to hold your seat, and multiply all these movements in definite ratio and true proportion by the swiftest of all roots, or you will become the most minus of quantities. You must foot up your accounts with the strictest regularity: there can be no partial payments in a business enterprise like this.

By the laws of being, men and women must go hand in hand if they would not go astray. Equally do man and woman need, not an echo, not a shadow, not a lesser nor yet a greater self, not "like with like, but like with difference," so that when these two, with their individual outlook upon destiny, shall together set their heads to any problem, or their hands to any task, they shall unite in that endeavor the full sum of power that this world holds.

Talk of the "chivalry" of ancient days! Go to, ye mediaeval ages, and learn what that word means! Behold the Christian light of this nineteenth century, in which we have the spectacle, not of lances tilted to defend my lady's beauty, by swaggering knights who could not write their names, but of the noblest men in the world's foremost race, placing upon the brows of those most dear to them, above the wreath of Venus, the helmet of Minerva, and leading into broader paths of opportunity and knowledge the fair divinities who preside over their homes.

Of all the laws I can think of, I hold in highest dignity and most awful significance the laws of the descent of inheritance, of prenatal influences, of the determining of destiny before a soul has known an independent heart-beat or an intelligent volition. I hold that all reforms have their root here, and that a wiser, more thoughtful age, not very far distant, will stand aghast as it reads of the present dance of delusion and death with respect to the right of every child to be well born.

The Creed of the past becomes the Deed of today.

If a man and woman are stronger together than either can be separately in the home, by the same law of mind they are stronger together than either can be separately in literature and science, in business and professional life, in Church and State.

This Christian land has no higher heritage than its grand army of public school teachers. As a rule, their moral culture equals, if it does not excel, their intellectual attainments. Very rarely does the press bring to light irregularities of deportment among those who are set to enforce the principles of good behavior among their pupils. There is also a deep interest manifested among teachers in the subject of moral education in the public schools. The growing sentiment against corporal punishment renders it essential that, as an offset, additional emphasis be given to ethical instruction, under the authority of government. Differ as people may in matters of theology, there is a marvelous unanimity of sentiment concerning matters of conduct. Nobody will quarrel with the teacher whose lessons help to make a child more truthful in word, more gentle in deed, more pure in the habits of life.

The time will come when the human heart will be so much alive that no one can sleep in any given community if any in that group of human beings be cold, hungry or miserable. But now we not only carry on our lives within actual sight and sound of untold misery, shame and sin, but we are not sufficiently disturbed by it to be hindered in our pleasures or ambitions!

The whole realm of invention, each day enlarging and constantly requiring better trained physical faculties, the clear eye, the steady hand, is putting such a premium on sobriety of life in all respects as will afford one of the surest and most far-reaching safeguards of a wholesome life that men can know.

We have the power of discrimination and judgment in a far higher degree than we have the good will to exercise it. If we would but cultivate the habit of putting ourselves in another's place by an effort of Christian imagination, that angel of the mind, our judgment, would not so heavily condemn the professions made in our hymns and prayers.

Is there any phrase worn smoother than this pebble of speech slung from our lips at any with whom we are not in accord: "I shouldn't have done that"? Ah, indeed! When we use those words we scramble to Christ's judgment seat, take our own paltry selves as the universal standard, lift our scepter and proceed to pronounce sentence. Let us remember that none are more likely to err in judgment than ourselves; that a more egotistical phrase than "I shouldn't have done that," was never coined as a counterfeit of holiness, and let us sedulously strive to replace it in our mint of speech by this: *"If I had been in my neighbor's place, should I have done as well?"*

Alcoholic drinks introduce added friction into the machinery of body and mind; by their use the individual is handicapped in the race toward a higher and more perfect individuality, and what hinders one in this race hinders us all.

The fact is there are no working plans by which to build a Christly world save the expansion of the home into the world so that no human being shall be motherless.

The only solvent for the silicate of human pride and stubbornness and sin is love. It conquers all things. May we be panoplied and made invincible by this omnipotent quality of soul, and whatever we forget may the Holy Spirit burn into our memories and lives this supreme truth that "there is nothing inexorable but love."

If some good men's theories are true, divine wisdom should have made impossible the inheritance by a daughter of her father's gift of eloquence, statesmanship, or any other "unfeminine" quality. But happily great nature is too great for tiny theories.

As to community of goods, I believe the New Testament clearly teaches it, and that when prohibition prevails, when woman's weight is fully felt in public affairs, and war is abolished, we shall next—and within a century—relate the government to industry as it is now related to war. On this crowning evolution of Christ's coming I expect to lift hard with the leverage of an unclogged soul from a fulcrum planted on the celestial hills, and I fervently believe that all patriots will be found in line over yonder for this final phase of brotherhood.

The new heavens and the new earth can never be perceived by us—for I believe they are here and only await our recognition—until perfect conformity to the laws of our environment shall adjust us like the compass in the binnacle to the earthly and heavenly paradise which only a sound mind in a sound body can know.

To be good natured just because you happen to agree is easy; the crudest mind and hardest heart are capable of that. But to disagree with perfect gentleness is an exotic grace, a heavenly violet only to be nurtured in the soil of human hearts by the sunshine of God's blessed spirit.

This is a transition age and women must prove their ability to be self-supporting so that marriage may lose its commercial aspect. In the better days of co-operation when Edward Bellamy's dreams come true, women will not be work-a-day creatures, but in the world's great home they will still be the home-makers, and motherhood will be deified.

The uses of beauty are all very well, but the beauty of uses is the more blessed lesson.

The heavens above Naples are pure as the prayer of a saint; the earth beneath it flower-enameled as a queen's robe, while the great mountain with its raven plume and the sea with its million sapphires set off the landscape in most artistic antithesis.

It has been the curse of humanity in the past that half the wisdom, more than half the purity, and more than half the gentleness did not find any organic expression. Now it is getting expression, and we are here not only to see it and sit by, twirling our thumbs and watching it come, but we are here to put in all our mighty force to make it come.

The better concept of the universe that we are getting nowadays, helps to disarm death. We know that a cube of solid iron can be changed by heat into a fluid, then into a gas so fine as to become invisible; but the iron is there, only it has taken a more ethereal form. Why, then, should not the infinitely finer human body, in its disintegration, yield up the celestial body in which the potent human soul shall move right onward in its growth toward perfectness, "forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forward toward the things that are before"?

The journalistic temperament is almost the finest in the world—keen, kind, progressive, and humanitarian. Take away the hallucination of nicotine and the craze of alcoholic dreams, and you would have remaining an incomparable set of brother-hearted men, whose glimpses of God would not be infrequent. Anchor alongside these chivalric-natured experts women as gifted as themselves, and free from drug delusions, then, in one quarter of a century you will have driven pugilists and saloonkeepers, ward politicians and Jezebels from the sacred temple of journalism, and the people's daily open letter from the great world shall be pure as a letter from home.

Where is Valley Forge? Somewhere in eastern Pennsylvania, but bounded on the north by Hallowed Tradition, on the east by Patriotic Aspiration, on the south by Sympathy with those Who Suffered, on the west by Gratitude to the Continental Army, and in about the middle of the place stands a heroic figure entitled, "Washington upon his Knees in Prayer."

So long as religion is kept like canned fruit bottled up at a fixed price of pew rent or other contribution, so long will the crime list continue to increase. God be thanked that the womanhood of Christendom begins to go out into the highways and hedges, shaking into the laps of the people the rich, ripe fruit of the Gospel Tree without money and without price.

Vermont is the Switzerland of America, and to a westerner seeing its views for the first time it seems hardly less than paradisaical. Everything is on the slant; the acute angle crinkles the sky line; brooks foam, chasms fringed with evergreen open from the right and left; autumn tints turn nature's etching to a chromo; homes cuddle down in fragrant valleys, and skies of gentian blue touch the tall hills with light caress.

Thank God that to lofty altitudes of personal character the steep, sure road is open to us all. The many may not know it on earth, but the saints will see in heaven if we are steadily climbing by the path where One patiently leads, whose disciples we desire to be.

My contention is that the true teacher's office is to explain the little child to himself, and afterward go far as may be to explain the universe to him. I know we have reversed the process—beginning at the circumference rather than at the centre, putting the macrocosm before the microcosm. But I believe the first office of the teacher is to orient the pupil concerning "Heart within and God o'er head," to teach him the divine truth on which is based his physical well being.

We are far out at sea. The waves run high. The storm is thickening around us. Faint hearts are out of place. Gideon's Band alone is worthy to stand at the front, to hold the helm and guard the sails. No officer should walk the deck who cannot say, if asked "How are you in your spirit?" what the poet Schiller said when in life's crisis hour the same question was asked of him and he gave the grand reply, *"Calmer and calmer."*

Let us be great-hearted, royal-natured, superior to all pettiness and narrowness, patient and steadfast—for this we all may be.

From the arctic seas of unwritten ages, when victorious warriors made themselves drunk, using the skulls of the vanquished as their goblets, the liquor traffic has been moving down upon us, not less cold, stern and deathlike than an iceberg from the arctic seas gleaming, savage, portentous. But out of sight, beneath the water-line, it is honeycombed already, for there is a Gulf Stream in history that carries summer to every shore it visits. It sets from the warm heart of Christ; it flows from the Bible's open page, and by its mild and steady power, this whitened monster of a savage age has become disintegrated far more deeply than we think. It is even now tottering to its fall, and shall, ere many generations, disappear under the steady, resistless stream of love toward God and love to man caused by the gospel's rising wave on every island, on every coast.

Each of us must add her increment of power to the total of human weal, inspired by the high significance of a deed so universally beneficent; we must teach the maids in the kitchen that in the sight of God they stand on a par with the thinker in his study, and that all are working to one end.

Doubtless the most cheering thought that can engage our minds is the return of the world to faith, and that this return is led by those apostles of nature who headed the wanderings of the curious-minded into the wilderness a generation back. Even Huxley, in that famous Oxford lecture, not long before his death, closed with the hope that what Tennyson had said was true, about the happy islands of the Hesperides that might lie below the sunset's golden mystery.

The two hands are a picture of the contending forces of capital and labor. The left, less skilled, more choice, served often by its fellows, and decked with rings; the right, forceful, ingenious, busy, unadorned. Only by bringing them together can harmony be had and a full day's toil accomplished. If they contend, they work each other's ruin; if they combine, they reach each one its utmost. Met for work and clasped in prayer, these hands of capital and labor shall bring that social compact which it is their office to develop and defend up to its best estate. Fighting each other, they will but mar and finally destroy the social fabric—and the left hand of capital will first give way under the pitiless blows of labor's strong right hand.

The old fables, myths, and follies associated with the idea of woman's incompetence to handle bat and oar, bridle and rein, and at last the cross-bar of the bicycle, are passing into contempt in presence of the nimbleness, agility, and skill of "that boy's sister"; indeed, we feel that if she continues to improve after the fashion of the last decade, her physical achievements will be such that it will become the pride of many a ruddy youth to be known as "that girl's brother."

The emptiness of conventional forms of speech and action is never so patent as when contrasted with the "fullness of life" that crowns hearts banded together to bring the day when all men's weal shall be each man's care.

We Christians must not sit by and let the fires of intemperance burn on; we must not permit poverty to shiver and squalor to send forth its stench and disease to fester in the heart of great populations. All this must be stopped, and we are the Christ-men and the Christ-women to stop it, or else we are pitiable dreamers and deluded professors of what we do not believe.

As the genius of Christ's gospel, and of our civilization born of that Gospel, is to help those not so strong as we by teaching them to help themselves, we must go among the children with our temperance work. Great temptations lie in wait for them—they ought to know it; mighty weapons will be hurled against them when they emerge from the sheltering fortress of home—they ought not to go forth unarmed; there is a precipice just ahead, but there is also a path leading safely around it—we ought to warn them of the one and point them to the other.

Science is killing out superstition as disinfectants kill microbes; no set of men can make any other set believe that they are custodians of any charm that makes men free from sin save love to God and love to man, wrought out into the enduring form of everyday work to help others to be less miserable. A bad life is the worst of heresies. Conferences and synods, revival meetings and prayer circles will have written as their epitaph, unless they make direct, honest, hard work to help men in the daily business of life: "Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

The modern temperance movement, born of Christ's gospel and cradled at His altars, is rapidly filling a circle of influence, wide as the widest zone of earthly weal or woe, and that is government. Christ shall reign—not visibly, but invisibly; not in form, but in fact; not in substance, but in essence, and the day draws nigh! Then surely the traffic in alcoholic liquors as a beverage will no longer be protected by the statute book, the lawyer's plea, the affirmation of the witness, and decision of the judge. And since the government is, after all, a circle that includes all hearts, all homes, all churches, all societies, does it not seem as if intelligent loyalty to Christ the King would cause each heart that loves Him to feel in duty bound to use all the power it could gather to itself in helping choose the framers of these more righteous laws?

The life of God flowing into the soul of man is the only life, and all my being sets toward Him as the rivers to the sea. Celestial things grow dearer to me every day and I grow poorer in my own eyes save as God gives to me. I still care a little too much for the good words of the good, but God helps me even in that.

Doubtless in the outworn and stereotyped forms of society where material pleasures still hold sway, we do "descend to meet," but when a philanthropic purpose determines our companionships, and leads to our convenings, then we climb together into purer and more vital air. The "coming woman," nay, the women who have come, have learned the loveliest meanings of the word "society." Indeed, some of us like to call it "comradeship" instead—this interchange of highest thought and tenderest aspiration, in which the sense of selfhood is diminished and the sense of otherhood increased.

The progress of science reveals the rationale of the irrepressible conflict between man and alcohol; the progress of invention putting the public more and more at the mercy of men who handle ocean greyhounds and cannon-ball express trains, telegraph keys and telephone transmitters, self-loading pistols and self-unloading dynamite; the progress of philanthropy, unsealing new fountains of good-will in human hearts; all these forces of God work for us while we sleep, with a power vastly more pervasive than any that we set going when we wake.

The college settlement could have had its origin only in a Christian land. Most of us are willing to give time, talents, money or anything to the uncultured classes except ourselves. But Christ gave Himself, and in this His divinity shone forth. The imitation of Christ is more literal in this than in any previous age. Putting aside the technicalities about His history, great armies of our most cultivated young people have actually set out to *follow Him* by living with the poor, not as philanthropists, but neighbors. I hope to spend much time in these settlements from this time on, for if there is a gateway nearer to God, I have not yet found it ajar.

The fire in the furnace should drive the ship over the waves, not burn it to the water's edge. Prayer will cause a man to cease from sinning even as sin will cause a man to cease from prayer. When parents and teachers once make up their minds to help the young people by stating to them truths like these; when we older ones discover that in presence of their danger speech is no more silver and silence golden, but speech is golden and silence would be criminal, then will ten youths be virtuous where one is now.

School days should be a blessed time, full of happiness and aspiration, having in them the charm of success and the witchery of friendship, deepening in the heart the love of humanity and exalting the spirit to the worship of God.

The human brain with its fair, delicate, mystical filaments, is God's night-blooming cereus, its white radiance forever enclosed and shut away from sight, within the close crypt of the skull, but exhaling its fragrance in poetry and revealing its deep, pure heart in science, philosophy, religion. Keep that sacred blossom ever pure, fair and fragrant with God's truth and heaven's immortality!

If I become a teacher in some school that I do not like, if I go away alone and try what I myself can do and suffer, and am tired and lonesome; if I am in a position where I must have all the responsibility myself and must be alternately the hammer that strikes and the anvil that bears, I think I may grow to be strong and earnest in practice, as I have always tried tc be in theory. So here goes for a fine character. If I were not intent upon it, I could live contented here at home all my days.

To help forward the coming of Christ into all departments of life, should be in its last analysis, our purpose and aim. This correlation of New Testament religion with philanthropy, and of the church with civilization, is the perpetual miracle which furnishes the only sufficient antidote to current skepticism. Higher toward the zenith climbs the Sun of Righteousness, making circle after circle of human endeavor and achievement warm and radiant with the healing of its beams. This heavenly light penetrates the gloom of the individual tempted heart (that smallest circle, in which all others are involved), illumines its darkness, melts its hardness, makes it a sweet and sunny place—a temple filled with the Holy Ghost.

As a democratic form of government inspires the sentiment of loyalty to itself, and implies the duty of all patriotic citizens to bring to justice those whose conduct threatens the public welfare, so in an institution where the pupils are intrusted with a part of the responsibility, and where the possibility of self-government is set before them, it is a logical inference that they will stand by the government of which they form a part.

The world is slowly making the immense discovery that not what woman does, but what she is, makes home a possible creation. It is the Lord's ark and does not need steadying; it will survive the wreck of systems and the crash of theories, for the home is but the efflorescence of woman's nature under the nurture of Christ's gospel. She came into the college and humanized it. She will come into government and purify it, into politics and cleanse that Stygian pool as the waters of Marah were cleansed; for woman will make homelike every place she enters, and she will enter every place on this round earth. Any custom, or traffic, or party, on which a Christian woman cannot look with favor is irrevocably doomed. Its welcome of her presence and her power is to be the final test of its fitness to survive. All Gospel civilization is radiant with the demonstration of this truth.

May God crown with success the three great movements of our time which are fast passing out of the hands of philanthropists and into those of statesmen, viz., the temperance, the woman, and the labor questions, all of which are equal fractions of that one mighty whole—the human question.

Home can only come to its true dignity and power when the wife and mother is an equal partner in all that appertains to the sacred interests of the larger home of society and government.

No form of degeneracy produced by alcoholic beverages is more invariable than the drinker's untruthfulness in word and deed. The person who drinks will use all his ingenuity to conceal, first the fact itself, next its consequences, and soon the fine edge of perception and conscience is worn away, so that he is untrustworthy in everything. Therefore, sobriety outranks integrity as an essential of genuine character.

An aeolian harp is to me the fittest emblem of a great soul that has gone to live elsewhere and left our world in some sense lonely. The compass of its diapason is vast as the scope of his mind; its tenderness deep as his heart; its pathos thrilling as his sympathy; its aspiration triumphant as his faith. Like him it is attuned to every faintest breath of the great world-life, and like his, its voice searches out the innermost places of the human spirit.

Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

Oh, sacred Sabbaths of our childhood! Oh, early mornings in the spring, when we ran together through the dewy grass or laid our ears to the brown bosom of the earth to hear her vibrant breathing, to thrill at her pulsing heart! Oh, birds that sang for me, and flowers that bloomed, and mother-love that brooded and father-love that held! And God's sky over all, and Himself near unto us everywhere; yea, nearer than near! Surely heavenly and without end are the blessings of the Lord to children! Verily, His goodness and His mercy are with us all our days.

Science is on the side of temperance reform; each child should enact against all evil habits a prohibitory law for one—that one himself; declare that law constitutional in the supreme court of his own judgment and enforce it by the executive of his own will, worked, as I believe that will to be in everything that is good and true, by the blessed will of God.

It is the first step that costs. We are all cowards. We know what is right but we do not dare to interfere. In the forests of New England our fathers blazed the trees and hewed out the roads that produced a new civilization. We are called to do the same in the thick-growing forests of ignorance and prejudice, custom and habitude. First, that which is natural, then that which is spiritual. Come with your keen, cutting ax of divine reason, wielded with an arm nerved by the prayer of faith, your weapon glancing in the spirit's light. No forest shall then be too deep and tangled for your fearless feet.

We vaguely wonder what we can do to help a cause along, but in philanthropy as well as in finance the old saying holds true—"The way to resume payment is just to resume." There is nothing simpler, and because so simple, nothing over which people stumble more stolidly than how to go about doing good.

As fuel turns to fire, and oil to light, so in the laboratory of the brain, the raw materials of history, poetry and science are wrought over into radiant and radiating forces which warm and illumine human souls.

Are Christians afraid lest the enfranchisement of women should let loose a vote helpful to the rum-power? Brewers and distillers take a different view, and, sharpened in perception by that most efficient grindstone, their own financial interest, they fight against the arming of a host that they know will vanquish them.

Temperance workers can hardly overestimate the value to the total abstinence cause of the multiplying modern inventions that put such a splendid premium upon teetotalism. The sure, slow lift of civilization's tidal wave is with us. It is always better farther on. Even as the farmer's crops grow most while he is sleeping, so ten thousand forces are perpetually at work in this great laboratory of the world, to move forward the white car of temperance reform. We who give our whole lives to the movement are hardly more than the weather-vane that shows which way the wind is blowing.

Let us glorify the vocation of motherhood above all others, for the only Queen that shall survive is the mother on her rocking-chair throne.

The loftiest chivalry of which the strongest can be capable comes as a sequel of their service to the weakest.

TO A SNOWBIRD.

Dear little bird with bright black eye,
If you but knew my eyes were kind,
How swift the pretty form would fly
Our shining porch-berries to find.

Dear little bird with fluttering heart,
If you but felt my heart was true,
That fairy figure soon would dart
To sheltering hand held out for you.

Dear little bird with glancing wing,
Did you but know I long to fly,
Perhaps you'd sit quite near and sing
To me in my captivity.

Dear human heart be not afraid,
Thy need of food, thy dream of flight,
He knows, by whom the worlds were made—
To speed thee on is His delight.

It is not enough that women should be homemakers but they must make the world itself a larger home.

We are apt to forget that one may be correct in the personal habits of life, and yet vicious in his attitude toward the vital issues of his time; we are apt to ignore the ethical quality in the intellect. But we should do well to remember that integrity of mind is no less important than integrity of conscience.

The reciprocal attraction of two natures out of a thousand million, for each other, is the strongest but one of the most unnoted proofs of a beneficent Creator. It is the fairest, sweetest Rose of Time, whose petals and whose perfume expand so far that we are all inclosed and sheltered by their tenderness and beauty. For, folded in its heart, we find the germ of every home; of those beatitudes, fatherhood, motherhood, brotherly and sisterly affection, the passion of the patriot, the calm and steadfast love of the philanthropist. For the faithfulness of two, each to the other, alone makes possible the true home, the righteous nation, the great, kind brotherhood of man.

Let us so tell the story of the world today that the world shall be happier tomorrow.

As the key-note of the Crusade army is Hallelujah, so is its key-word Salvation. It is not help alone we seek to give, for help is often both inadequate and temporary, but salvation saves; salvation knows no palliatives; salvation is thorough-going out and out; it is indeed ideal; it is the word of faith; it is the central thought of revelation. We use that magic word in no diminished sense, but spread it to the utmost of its scope, and that makes it wide as the world, high as the hope of a saint, and deep as the depths of a drunkard's despair.

Of all the monopolies that disgrace civilization a monopoly in sin is most to be dreaded and deplored. High license entails that monopoly, and along with it the power to gild the book of iniquity with dazzling, tempting bait, elegant surroundings and high-toned social standing are the devil's most coveted allurements; and high license assures them to the saloon as no other method can. With concentration always comes power, and the political influence of the liquor traffic, now boastfully predominant in this republic *where the side always wins that gets most votes,* will reach the height of an autocracy under high license.

The modern teaching is to seek harmony rather than discord. When you find yourself alongside of another human being, settle it in your mind that you will study the correspondence, the agreement, the amenities, rather than the antagonisms and differences between you two. The whole code of good manners, not to say Christian behavior, is found in this one precept.

There are three Bibles which mother hearts must study—those of nature, of intuition, and of revelation. Through these the full powers of man and woman shall be summed at last. A new heaven shall arch over our heads, a new earth shall smile under our feet, and a little child, who is indeed the child of God, shall lead humanity along the beckoning way.

The most normal and most perfect human being is the one who most thoroughly addresses himself to the activity of his best powers, gives himself most perfectly to the world around him, flings himself out into the midst of humanity, and is so preoccupied by his own beneficent reaction on the world that he is practically unconscious of a separate existence.

If I were asked today why *mea vita vota* is our motto; why, putting aside the books we fain would read and the companionships we would so gladly cherish, we are uniting what persuasion we have with Heaven and what power we have with men for the overthrow of those two twin iniquities which now enslave the human race, I would answer, "All this we do and dare because this slavery renders impossible the development of that complete, well-poised, benignant individuality which allies mortals most nearly to their Maker." For the ultimate object of every conceivable reform is to give each individual of the human mass more completely back to himself; to restore to all the clear, perceiving brain, the strong, firm hand, the steady beating heart.

No matter how near the water in the boiler comes to being steam it will not move the locomotive one inch until it *is* steam; that elastic, invisible, impenetrable and irresistible power. Love is like that; it cannot be withstood; its god-like flame burns away the dross of policy in the pure white light of principle. Nothing less will ever fuse the hearts of men in those reforms by which the Gospel of Christ becomes regnant in the world.

Nothing has made men madder in their rage toward the defenseless than the drink delirium, hence to teach the ethics of kindness to animals is germane to the temperance gospel. God speed the Band of Mercy! Let not a guilty man or scapegrace boy escape its blessed teachings!

An army marches along the streets of our great cities in these days to the music of a new hope. They are the captains of industry, the master workmen, the chiefs of the brotherhood, the great disciplined, unified, ballot-battalioned army of wageworkers, who are sure to win because they are not now each one out with his shooting iron to seek his own sweet will and fire at random, but are marshalled by millions into a militia whose guns are ballots, whose bullets are ideas.

May it never be said of any one of us that her reputation was in her way; that it was around under foot for her to stumble over, that it impeded the freedom of her movements and the frankness of her utterances until she hardly knew whether it was for better or for worse that she had taken to herself a reputation at all!

Thousands of people who possibly think themselves unfriendly to the temperance movement, quietly decide that for the sake of their own success in life they will forswear the use of beverages which put a discount on a man in business and athletic circles where they wish to excel. This is a tendency that will grow, for it is safe to count on the steady progress of invention toward the annihilation of time and space, and in proportion as invention wrestles with these two problems (the most fascinating ever presented to the human mind), as railway trains and steamships move more swiftly, and later on, when we solve the problem of aerial navigation, the advantage of perfect possession of one's powers, mental and physical, will constantly increase; its mercantile value will become greater; its relation to ambition and success will be more clearly seen; and man's self-love will come over from the side of stimulants to that of non-stimulation as the highest physical good.

No haphazard way of doing anything can survive in these days, when "according to law" is found to be the method of the universe, from matter in the sun to matter in the molecule.

The totality of native forces and acquired discipline and expert knowledge stands us in good stead for each crisis that we have to meet. There is a momentum, a cumulative power on which we can count in every new circumstance, as a capitalist counts upon his credit at the bank. It is not only a divine declaration, it is one of the basic laws of being, that "all things work *together* for good to them that love God"—that is, to them that are in love with God; and he who loves a law of God and makes himself obedient to that law has by that much loved God, only he does not always have the wit to know it.

To the exegesis of the cloister we oppose that of common life. To the Orientalism that is passing off the stage, we oppose modern Christianity. In our day, the ministers of a great church have struck the word "obey" out of the marriage service, have made women eligible to nearly every rank except the ecclesiastic, and are withheld from raising her to the ministerial office only by the influence of a few leaders, who are insecurely seated on the safety-valve of that mighty engine, Progress.

The entrance of woman upon the ministerial vocation will give to humanity just twice the probability of strengthening and comforting speech, for women have at least as much sympathy, reverence, and spirituality as men, and they have at least equal felicity of manner and of utterance. Why, then, should the pulpit be shorn of half its power?

Nay, verily, beloved; let us "rise to the occasion" every time, for history teaches that if reformers fail to do this, "the occasion" shall overwhelm them as Tarpeia was overwhelmed upon the rock at Rome, and shall grind them to powder, as the stone cut without hands from the mountain grinds all who oppose its mighty march.

There is a power, not of ourselves, which makes for righteousness, nay, there are a million powers harnessed today to the chariot wheels of temperance, helping to drive it onward along its splendid pathway, independent of us and with no intention to co-operate in our movement, but compelled to do so by the resistless affinities of God's laws written in nature, in society, and upon human hearts.

From the first, our white ribbon women have been impelled each year to go forward along new pathways, as they have seen more clearly the interlacings of the liquor curse with the widely varying lines of America's intricate civilization. But at last we have reached the shore line, beyond which, in our adventurous voyage of exploration, we can never go. To purify the springs of human life; to lift to the level of Christian consecration powers the mightiest and most primal; to revive the age of chivalry upon the spiritual plane and say, in tenderest pity to the fallen, "Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more," is the heavenly mission of white ribbon women in these last days.

Mother's prayers and singing always made her children glad. In the wild thunderstorms of that new West, I was wont to hide my face upon her knee and say, "Sing 'Rock of Ages.' " Somehow I was never afraid while mother's soul was lifted up to God.

The spoken word with a life and character back of it, the spoken word, sped home by earnest voice, convincing tone, and punctuating gesture, is the final human factor in the progress of reform.

One moulds iron or carves granite, using the coarse and evanescent materials of the outer world, when, within the magic world of the undying soul she might work with her own sweet will, felling the forests of prejudice, draining the marshes of ignorance, mining the glittering gems of thought and quarrying the pure gold of affection. For my part, I believe the steady head of the world, when clarified from alcohol and nicotine, will perceive that its supreme achievements are in the continent of philanthropy, in the fertile valleys of human nature, not in the coarse mud-embankments and roaring sluiceways of our present material civilization.

From the most difficult conditions we can wring out the most celestial success; from the alembic of pain distill the choicest character; from loneliness and contradiction be lifted to high companionship and sweet serenity.

The world will be better, happier and richer when men and women have more interests in common, more occupations that are alike, and when the great heart of home goes out into the world since the homeless world has needed it so long.

To me there are but five words in the language: God, Duty, Love, Humanity and Immortality. I believe in the reign of the common people; that the earth is theirs, and everything in it belongs to them; that the kingdom of heaven is going to be here; that through the Gospel there is yet to come a warmer glow of love on the part of each human being for every other than we and the icicles that we resemble can possibly imagine. I believe that there will be no private property, no private opportunities of education and culture, but that each human being will reach a plane so high that his most devoted desire will be to have every other human being enjoy to the utmost those opportunities of comfort, development and cultivation that will make of him the utmost that can be made. Until this is the spontaneous desire and the supreme purpose of each of us we are only modified savages; but I believe that the light of the truth in the face of Jesus Christ

"Shall shine more and more,
'Till its glory like noontide shall be!"

If we are not immortal, if there is not a great free life beyond, as great as the outreaching of the heart, as great as the contriving of the brain, as great as the faith that fastens the aspiring soul to God, then we are the mightiest mockery that has been let loose to feed on its own anguish.

Whoever does not apply Christianity to the special sins of his own age, in his own person and by his own work, is, to say the least, a most unscientific Christian. We apply steam, when we have manufactured it, to the specific places where it is most needed; we make it turn pistons and drive wheels. When we have caught electricity and tamed it, we turn it on where it can do most good—we make it light our houses, carry our messages, and carry us. When the spirit of God has been generated in a human being, it must not be shut up in the prayer-meeting or the church building, but turned on in the saloons, the gambling houses, the haunts of shame, and for this purpose the ballot is one of its most effective batteries of power.

The divinest right on this earth is the right of the people to take corporate care of their own affairs.

Let us claim the realm of literature and art as a dependency of the Christian home. Let us bring the influence of women to bear upon the books read by children and young people, and the pictures, statuary, and dramatic representations that are placed before them, so that the temptations of the young shall be diminished and the incentives to pure living increased, by the impressions they receive.

Silver workers say that when you can see your face in the molten metal, that is the time to work. So it is with the heart of childhood in that impressionable stage when it reflects your character and teaching; then stamp with a firm true hand the white cross upon the soul, the habits of personal cleanliness of life, with total abstinence from strong drink as their basis.

We are often tired of ourselves, but Thy heart, O Christ, is never weary of us. Thou hast made the world lovely that we might love it, and Thou art preparing heaven for us every day, even as we, by Thy blessed help, are trying to learn its language and its manners so that we shall feel at home when we reach heaven.

Selfishness or shyness, one or both, are at the root of secrecy. We must have more frankness, more of mutual confidence, and it must come a long time before the Kingdom of Heaven can be set up on earth. Therefore I stoutly defend more openness and frankness in our dealings with each other, both for praise and blame, but especially the former; for if we are encouraged and believed in, all that is heavenly in us will respond and our blameworthy traits will grow less prominent.

There is no fear in knowledge or in love. The whole wide universe has nothing in it to affright a healthful mind, a loyal heart. To know God means perfect serenity and safety in all worlds. To know Him is the one solution of the temperance reform, the labor movement, and the woman question. But, then, to know Him is something wider than we used to think. Knowledge of His laws, and love of them, means a heredity that endows and a health that blesses; means the banishment of brain-poisons from commerce and social usage; the discovery that good health is chief handmaid of religion, and that to be sick is to have sinned.

Envy and jealousy light the intensest fires that ever burn in human hearts; gossip and scandal are the smoke emitted by them. If, as has been said, these passions could, like some modern chimneys, be consumers of their own smoke, a purer and a better atmosphere would then prevail.

The mind of one who tries to write is like the room where photographs are taken—he must shift this screen and that; shut off side lights so that upon his spirit the light shall fall from heaven. The glaring cross-lights of our civilization bewilder him; its counter-currents confuse; its hurried footsteps deafen; its eddying waves submerge. That quiet hour from whose alembic might be distilled a pure, invigorating thought, comes to him seldom in these thronging years.

Good breeding has been called the apotheosis of self-restraint. But the higher evolution is not to need restraining, but to have that inward quietness, which when God giveth it, who then can trouble? All strife in manner, word, and deed, grows out of worldliness; and to this there is but just one antidote, and that is Other-Worldliness.

Knowledge is the track, conscience the engine, but alas how narrow-gauged the track in many a mind; and because it is so narrow, all the steam of conscience concentrates on a louder whistle and a more ruthless, forward rush. Evermore is conscience circumscribed by what we know. We want the broad-gauge of knowledge, and then conscience can be trusted.

We are told that "public sentiment requires saloons, and the votes prove it." We are willing to abide by that test when the votes are counted. But we claim that no public sentiment is actual that does not express the voice of the home as well as of the street. What would be thought of the assessor who should ignore women in making up his estimates; of the policeman who should count them out when he made arrests; of the judge who should declare their sphere so different, the dear, delightful creatures, that penalties and prisons were not for them? Upon that score, however, we have nothing to complain of! Here our rights have been most clearly recognized. But when we, the people of these United States, come to speak with that ballot which is the tongue of time, where are we then?

There is no doubt but that the right to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors for drinking purposes will, in the future, be largely based on the harm they bring to the people who never drink them. For the liquor traffic is an assault upon the non-drinker. This claim, always virtually put forth by temperance people, needs the emphasis of constant reiteration. We hold that it is the harm that drinking does to the man who does not drink which gives the non-drinker the right to prevent the drinker from doing him that harm. Prohibition is self-protection, and is based on the elementary rights of civilized man.

We judge the direction of a stream not from its shallows but by its current, not by its eddies but by that deep and steady trend that bears its waters straight onward to the sea.

The world is full of good impulses, but they need harnessing; enthusiasm goes to waste because there is no engine through whose wheels and levers its force can be applied.

The Temperance cause started out well-nigh alone, but mighty forces have joined us in the long march. We are now in the midst of the Waterloo battle, and in the providence of God the Temperance army will not have to fight that out all by itself. For Science has come up with its glittering contingent, political economy deploys its legions, the woman question brings an Amazonian army upon the field, and the stout ranks of labor stretch away as far as the eye can reach. As in the old Waterloo against Napoleon, so now against the Napoleon of the liquor traffic, no force is adequate except the *"allied* forces."

The whole curriculum of education, to one who sees from a spiritual plane, palpitates with divinity. Personally, I am a devout believer in the Bible as a revelation of God's will and always taught it in the good old days when I was a public school teacher. But now that it is, to my great regret, being ruled out so generally, I see a blessed compensation in the development of science, that other revelation, by which, while the Bible goes out at the door God crowds in through all the windows and shines down into this strange skylight of the human brain more clearly than He ever did before.

Woman's mighty realm of philanthropy encroaches each day upon the empire of sin, disease and misery that has so long existed we thought it must endure forever. But there remains an immense territory to be possessed. The church itself must have a new crusade. It must become the people's home. Its doors of Gospel grace must stand open night and day; it must not be a huge, locked-up cube of masonry, with a dead atmosphere inside, during six days of the week, for such can not be the twentieth century exponent of the church of Him who went about doing good. We must draw the people to the church by having something there for them which will lead them up through material to the perception and love of spiritual blessings.

Nothing will probe to the core of this the greatest disadvantage under which we labor —that is, mutual non-comprehension—except a basis of society and government which would make it easy for each to put himself in another's place because his place is so much like another's. We shall be less imaginative, perhaps, in those days—the critics say this is inevitable—but it will only be because we need less imagination in order to do that which is just and kind to every one about us.

Riding in the swift express at night I prayed for all on board our train—for engineer and fireman, conductor and brakeman, and for every passenger—prayed that we might all go through in safety. But a voice whispered to my spirit: "What about the other trains that thunder toward or after you in this great darkness?" Aye, what of them? Their safety and our own were closely linked, for were we not on the same track, controlled by the same law? So in life's rapid transit we are all on the same road, and it is not enough to guard our own—we must heed the other trains, hold aloft the lights that guide, recognize the right of way, and whisper in the ear of heaven: "God bless us every one."

For myself, I have become convinced that while the indwelling of God's Spirit, by its transforming power, can alone melt and mellow our hearts so that the selfishness will thaw out, and the glow of love replace its Arctic cold, the best practical application of a loving heart will come through Christian socialism; co-operation driving out competition; community of goods replacing the wage system, and "All ye are brethren" becoming the watchword of a holier, happier time.

Let me, as a loyal daughter of the church, urge upon younger women who feel a call,—as I once did,—to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, their duty to seek admission to the doors that would hardly close against them now, in any theological seminary, save those of the Roman, Episcopal, and Presbyterian churches; and let me pleadingly beseech all Christian people who grieve over the world's great heartache, to encourage every true and capable woman, whose heart God has touched, in her wistful purpose of entering upon that blessed Gospel ministry, through which her strong yet gentle words and work may help to heal that heartache, and to comfort the sinful and the sad "as one whom his mother comforteth."

Woman is becoming what God meant her to be and Christ's Gospel necessitates her being the companion and counsellor, not the incumbrance and toy, of man. To meet the new creation, how grandly men themselves are growing; how considerate and brotherly, how pure in word and deed! The world has never yet known half the amplitude of character and life to which men will attain when they and women live in the same world.

Nature's way of bringing order out of chaos is to steadily flood darkness with light, and we shall never get beyond this method by any spasmodic pyrotechnics, which, no matter how popular for the time, only serve to make the darkness more visible when the artificial coruscations are withdrawn. When I see our school boys stunting their growth and drying up their brains with smoke; when I discover that their very cigars are soaked in alcohol and liquors, and that the boys are baited with beer and enticed into saloons by music, games, and evil company; when I am told of their degeneracy in scholarship, so that the percentage of girls who graduate and who take honors is steadily gaining on that of the boys, it seems to me that I can not wait until the schools of my country focus their splendid light upon the problem of prevention. It is a glorious thing to go to the rescue of wrecked and ruined manhood with the lifeboat of reform, but far better to build a lighthouse on the sunken reef, warning the unskilled voyager of his danger.

Everything is not in the Temperance Reform, but the Temperance Reform should be in everything.

Christian women who once crusaded in rum shops are now crusading in halls of legislation, in primary meetings, and the offices of excise commissioners—work just as really Christian as praying in saloons in those other glorious days. Let us not limit God, whose modes of operation are so infinitely varied in nature and in grace. I believe in the correlation of spiritual forces, and that the heat which melted hearts to tenderness in the Crusade is soon to be the light which shall reveal our opportunity and duty as the Republic's daughters.

Surely it is not unjust to say that any human being who would shut away any other from the best possibilities of that other as to education and opportunity, is a monster whether he knows it or not.

I should have to deny myself in my inmost heart, if I didn't believe what mother had taught me at her knee; if I didn't, above all the teachings and all the voices, reverence the voice that calls to me from the pages of the Bible; if I didn't, above all things and always, in my mentality and spirituality, translate God into terms of Jesus Christ. I cannot rest except there.

It is the unexpected that occurs and the hopeless that succeeds. Optimists do not happen; they are resultant forces of Christianity, acting through the laws of inheritance. The threads of sunshine woven into that cloth of gold that we call temperance, shone from the sun of righteousness. For this were they born, and for this cause came they into the world.

"Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good." This golden counsel of St. Paul is the glass through which I would spy out that coming America, in which Christ will reign without a rival in the customs of society and in the laws of the land.

The geography of character is a "branch" sure to be taught some day in public schools. Character is bounded on the north by sobriety, on the east by integrity, on the west by industry, and on the south by gentleness.

By the magic wand of evolution, not the red clutch of revolution, I would lead the nation into an actualized brotherhood, where the splendid everybody that knows so much more than anybody should be the capitalist with co-operation as the code.

Let us learn a wise humility, but at the same time a humble wisdom, as we remember there are but two classes of minds—one of which declares that our times are the worst the world has seen, and the other claims our times as best; he who claims this, all revelation, all science, all history witness, is right, and will be forevermore.

The beautiful brain that can think out an epic, compose a symphony, transfigure a canvas, invent an engine, a telephone, an airship,—we are in the fight for its freedom and integrity, the holiest fight this side Jehovah's throne.

The most pointed and practical standard of daily living of which I can think, is to permit in one's self no open habit in word and deed that others might not safely imitate, and no secret habit that one would be ashamed to have the best and purest know. Anything less than this is vastly beneath our privilege. Having made the only adequate preparation for a work so holy, we may send out our plans and purposes to the wide world of manhood and womanhood, calling upon all to climb the heights whence alone we shall see God.

Open-air minds are what we want; not hot-house thinkers. In no one way have women been more thoroughly defrauded of their birthright than by being shut up in houses for centuries past. All other beings are born into the great, full, breezy outdoors as their heritage. Woman will never think broadly until she lives more of her days under heaven's canopy. Susceptible as an aeolian harp to the touch of nature's breath, pitifully bringing up flowers in attic or basement even as if they were her children, woman set free in God's great garden of a world will enrich art and poetry, endear religion, and bless the children of the future in body and soul far beyond our power to prophesy.

Walking I delighted in when I could go unimpeded; but from the sorrowful day when my hair was first twisted up and long skirt twisted down, I have never enjoyed that noble form of exercise, and I have met very few women in this country who really walk at all. Wrigglers, hobblers, amblers, and glidders I am familiar with among the ways of women, but walking is an art hereditarily lost to our sex.

No single solvent of the sectional spirit can be found like fighting side by side against a common foe. But there cannot be a foe so deadly as the poison that would steal away the brain; and in going forth to war against the two-headed dragon of stimulants and narcotics, humanity shall be fused and moulded into a universal brotherhood. The second temperance century shall see this consummation. Happy are we whose friendly tapers, lifted aloft in the gloom, predict the glow of that summer sun, which shall send warmth to every heart and shine upon our graves!

There have been many marvelous discoveries in this much-lauded nineteenth century, but chief among them is woman's discovery of herself. To come to consciousness is ever more to come to power. Christ said: "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." Consciousness deepened, varied, and extended, is doubtless all there is of life in any world. When women come to consciousness they must inevitably ask questions like these: "Why should we have no voice in making the laws under which we may be imprisoned or executed?" "Why should

women have no hand in pleading woman's cause or determining her penalties?" "Why should men, and men alone, have the power of life and death over women, and in all cases of indecorous, cruel or outrageous conduct toward us?" "Why should men, and men only, fix the penalties of their own crimes against the other half of the human race, and appoint themselves legislature, judge, jury, and executive, in every case like this?" Who has so great a stake in the government as the nation's motherhood? Yet every law and penalty on every statute book of this and every land was placed there by men, and men only. There is no reason and no justice in all this, and there can never be. Good men know it right well, and they are trying to bring us into the government that we may be tried by our peers.

When the father builds his life and thought into his daughter as the mother has hitherto built hers into her son, the world will see her grandest women and her kindliest men. The manhood of strength and gentleness can only come as a result of the ministry of gentleness and strength, and home will be its training school.

Go on, ye brave and gentle hearts that work in the philanthropies which foreshadow an age of universal reason, love and worship, where Christ Himself shall rule! You are building better than you know. Every missionary doctor or teacher you send out; every kindergarten or day nursery that you establish; every industrial school or home you found; every hospital and refuge; every reading room, lodging-house, or friendly inn, helps to tear down the hideous fabric of conventional "society," and to build upon its ruins the Christian guild, where all shall find themselves at home, and whose one rule of etiquette shall be the Golden Rule.

Man in the home will have a larger place in the proportion that woman, in the constantly more homelike world, gains larger standing-room. Motherhood will not be less, but fatherhood a hundred-fold more magnified. To say this is to declare the approaching beatitude of men. For when to the splendor of their intellectual powers and the magnificence of their courage shall be added the unselfish devotion that comes of "childward care," we shall see characters more Christ-like than the world has ever known save in its calendar of saints.

In that more noiseless and considerate civilization of the future, we shall learn that the invisible are the only things real, and that to spill sand among the wheels of a watch, or to cut the wires of a telegraph line, are trifles compared with the sowing of thoughts alien and unwelcome in brains at work more rapidly and to more helpful purpose than the valves and pistons of the most costly engine.

Since 1874 I have been a steady student of the law of habit—I had well-nigh said the law of fate. I have seen it slowly, gently, imperceptibly, wrap men round and round in its close winding-sheet, as if they were Egyptian mummies. So quietly was all this done that they never knew their bondage until the first faint movement toward a better life, when, behold, their helplessness recalled the Indian-tortured hunter perpendicularly planted in the ground with earth packed around him even to the lips.

There are two changeless sources of solid happiness: first, the belief in God, and, second, the habit of hard work toward useful ends.

Whoever laughs at a total abstainer shows himself lacking in a clear mind as well as a good heart, for to take such a precaution on one's own account as a matter of prudence is surely conformable to reason, and to take it in order to make it easier for others to do the same, is conformable to the Golden Rule and the highest dictates of brotherhood.

Faith is perhaps a spiritual chemical. Prayer may be another; and objects for good that under the laws of the supernatural realm could not be accomplished, because the combination was lacking, may be wrought out through the combined action of faith and the prayer of sincere hearts. To my mind this is the strongest force in the universe, next to love; and it is really a part of it. We have handled coarse materials so long that we have not adequate confidence in the real, vital materials that lack the test of the five senses. If we could only bring these elements of prayer and faith to a scientific nomenclature, thousands of minds would take hold of them that do not under the formulas of the Church, which have become so familiar as largely to have lost their meaning to the average person in the work-a-day world.

It will always be true that a certain number of the people must, for their own sake, let intoxicants entirely alone, and that there is a certain amount of danger to anyone who uses them. If, then, anyone elects to be an abstainer, in order that those who must follow that practice shall not be a class by themselves, marked as weaklings and of singular ways in life, and also for the reason that it is more absolutely safe to let liquors alone than to use them, he is in a position wholly scientific, ethical and in accordance with the Golden Rule.

I have long thought that the spectacle of well-nigh a hundred thousand church edifices closed, except at brief intervals when meetings were in progress, was a travesty of the warm-hearted Gospel of our Lord, and I rejoice to see that just as woman's influence grows stronger in the church, those doors stay open longer, that industrial schools, bands of hope, church kindergartens, and reading rooms, may open their founts of healing and "put a light in the window for thee, brother."

Personality, balanced and benignant, alone can drive the car of progress.

Over five million singing birds are annually required by dealers to ornament the hats of American women. So says the Report of the Ornithological Society (1890); and yet women are the kindest and most considerate of beings, and singing birds are the most ethereal and lovely of the animal creation. Put these two facts together, and then admit that woman has a frivolty about her as fatuous as any of the minor vices that we deplore in man.

When Christ is King, woman will be no longer courtier.

The Pharos of human Reason burning with its clear, calm ray, lighted from the mind of God, sends its beams far out over the waves of time, but the pity of it is that this guiding light has been obscured by poisons that mar the brain's integrity. Mankind has called a halt at last in his Bacchanal procession; the great revolt is growing fast; Science, with her pure torch, pilots the way out of the wilderness, and Faith marches beside her fearless sister with pure eyes turned toward heaven.

A human being is like a huge church organ—with many pipes, and stops, and banks of keys, and the kind of music you get depends upon the sort of player that you are. Some call out only discords, some strike the minor chords alone, others evoke the music of laughter or of joy, while others still compass the whole diapason from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and are particularly skilled in bringing out the sweet and tremulous *vox humana.*

Home is woman's climate, her vital breath, her native air. A true woman carries home with her everywhere. Its atmosphere surrounds her. Its mirror is her face; its music attunes her gentle voice; its longitude may be reckoned from wherever *you happen to find her.*

Man and woman are King and Courtier in the world's great realm, and will be until he in his growing wisdom and tenderness shall say to her, "I will no longer make a law for you since I perceive that God has made laws for us both. Let us hereafter, like boy and girl at school, study out, side by side, the sacred laws of health and happiness which He has written in His Works and Word."

The provincial spirit is selfish because narrow, the cosmopolitan spirit is generous because broad. The only true cosmopolitan this world has seen is Jesus Christ. He teaches us that only by sharing our happiness can it be multiplied. This is the only true philosophy of life, and it would make the rich so restive in their abundance that poverty would be impossible within the circle of their influence.

We have all things but love, when love is all we want. Men go about smiling whose hearts are like lumps of ice in their breasts. If we had love, the slums of London would not last another day. If we had love, each family in London and New York that has a margin beyond its necessities would agree to help some other family; each independent person, someone else; and this single determination, quietly made and practically illustrated by a visit to the baker and the tailor, would put every one beyond the reach of want before the sun went down.

Were I asked to define in a sentence the thought and purpose of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I would reply: It is to make the whole world homelike.

The future perfection of woman's physical powers will be so great that the lay figures of the present, handed down in fashion plate and photograph and portrait, will be mere effigies, proofs of the reaction of environment to the stultification of native powers. The Hebes of the future, often in vision do I behold them, broad in the outlook of mind and heart as the prairies of the West, symmetrical as the elms of New England, free as the airs of heaven! To bring them to earth, I believe no power is today at work more strongly than the W. C. T. U., with its training in the public schools; with its teaching of the great doctrine of physical holiness; with its contempt for the present rags and ruffles, bands and ligatures, that shall prove under the light of science, taught by God's Spirit, to be the withes of the new Samson, with its stout contention of a woman's right to be all that she can in body, soul and spirit.

I do not wish to know what the country does for the rich, they can take care of themselves; but what it does for the poor determines the decency, not to say the civilization, of a government.

What we need to sound in the ears of girlhood is *to be brave,* and in the ears of boyhood *to be gentle.* There are not two sets of virtues; and there is but one greatness of character: it is that of him (or her) who combines the noblest traits of man and woman in nature, words, and deeds.

The domain of Mrs. Grundy ought to be congenial soil for the growth of every kind of helpful thought. Society should be, and will certainly become in the restitution now going forward, a larger home for all who dwell there. The social sentiments, under that mild sway which Christian hearts confess, are those which most ennoble human nature, because widest in scope and most general in endowment. When the Golden Rule shall be wrought into deeds within the social realm; when in that charmed circle "all men's weal shall be each man's care," then will the strong be glad to bear the burdens of the weak, and total abstinence will be the fashion.

Vice is a tiger, with keen eyes, alert ears and cat-like tread, while virtue is a slow-paced, complacent, easy-going elephant, whose greatest danger lies in its ponderous weight and consciousness of power.

No words can adequately characterize the change wrought in my life by my decision to accept the Presidency of the Chicago W. C. T. U. (1874). Instead of peace, I was to participate in war; instead of the sweetness of home, never more dearly loved than I had loved it, I was to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; instead of libraries, I was to frequent public halls and railway cars; instead of scholarly and cultured men, I was to see the dregs of saloon and gambling house and haunt of shame. But women who were among the fittest Gospel survivals were to be my comrades; little children were to be gathered from near and from far in the Loyal Temperance Legion, and whoever keeps such company should sing a psalm of joy, solemn as it is sweet. Hence I have felt that great promotion came to me when I was counted worthy to be a worker in the organized Crusade for "God and Home and Native Land." Temporary differences may seem to separate some of us for a while, but I believe with all my heart that farther on we shall be found walking once more side by side.

The keystone of law can only be firm and secure when it is held in place by the arch of that keystone, which is public sentiment.

A woman's hand that pens high and holy thoughts, which passing under the eye of untaught childhood and youth, produce that arrest of attention in the mind from which every good cause has something to hope, is as worthily engaged as when smoothing the wrappings around her little child to protect and shelter him.

It is not uncharitable to judge an act as good or bad, but we should be very slow to judge the actor bad. Only by rising to the sublime sense of our sacred sisterhood with every woman that breathes, be she good or bad, foreign or native, bond or free, shall we find our individual pettiness covered and flooded out of sight by the most inexorable force of all the universe, and that is Love.

Man's physical make-up no less than his limitless capacity for growth, proves that he must evermore move on. Watch the pattering footsteps of a little child; his whole bent and inspiration are to step onward and ever more right on. Nobody can step backward gracefully save a society belle, a well-drilled acrobat and a politician!

The word "religion" means to bind again the soul that has cut loose from God. In a sense more high and sacred than words can tell, every devout teacher of natural law is a teacher of religion. If we do not teach theism in the school, we shall soon have atheism in the state. The nation that dethrones God plucks out its own eyes and halves its own heart.

Let those who will, dance round the Maypole of self-pleasing in the present, and those who must, form their procession to the coffin that enshrines the past; but be it ours to strike out toward the future, for truth, like light, moves in straight lines, and we will seek the truth in life, law, and custom, as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The slow, steady lift of evolution, bearing every atom nearer to the stars, carries on the crest of its measureless waves our sacred cause of a clear brain. The widening wonder of Christ's gospel, which to my mind includes all that is worthy of mention in this world, whether wrought out by hand or head or heart, is in itself the central sun of temperance reform, of which our work is but a bright, adventurous ray.

The momentum of the centuries is in the widening, deepening current of nineteenth century reform; the twentieth century's dawn shall witness our compensations and reprisals, and as these increase, humanity shall pay back into the mother-heart of woman its unmeasured penitence and unfathomed regret for all that she has missed (and through her, every son and daughter that she has brought into the world), by reason of the awful mistake by which, in the age of force, man substituted *his* thus far and no farther, in place of the thus far and no farther of God; one founded in a selfish and ignorant view of woman's powers, the other giving her what every sentient being ought to have—a fair field and a free course to run and be glorified.

When we began the delicate, difficult and dangerous operation of dissecting out the alcohol nerve from the body politic, we did not realize the intricacy of the undertaking, nor the distances that must be traversed by the scalpel of investigation and research. One thought, sentiment and purpose animated those saintly "Praying Bands," whose name will never die out from human history: "Brothers, we beg of you not to drink, and not to sell!" This was the single wailing note

of these moral Paganinis, playing on one string. It caught the universal ear and set the key of that mighty orchestra, organized with so much toil and hardships, in which the tender and exalted strain of the Crusade violin still soars aloft, but upborne now by the clanging cornets of science, the deep trombones of legislation, and the thunderous drums of politics and parties. The "Do Everything Policy" was not of our choosing, but is an evolution, as inevitable as any traced by the naturalist, or described by the historian. Woman's genius for details, and her patient steadfastness in following the enemies of those she loves "through every lane of life," have led her to antagonize the alcohol habit, and the liquor traffic, just where they are, wherever that may be. If she does this, since they are everywhere, her policy will be, "Do everything."

As Christians we ought steadily to proclaim that the golden-rod of capital must blossom into a national flower that shall glorify the common roadside of the common people's life. Capital has learned the value of combination. Labor must learn it, too, and the greatest number's greatest good must be the Christian's motto in this fight.

One look into the silent heavens, and all our earthly jargons seem unworthy; one deep tone of the forests' mystical aeolian, and our deeper hearts respond in tenderness; one solemn strain out of the sea's unutterable anthem, and the soul hears in it that something greater that speaks to the heart alone.

As words are the carriages in which thoughts ride, so the human body is the chariot of the soul. But that splendid Phoebus, the human soul, becomes a dethroned charioteer unless he understands his vehicle. Let us make of him a Sir Galahad, whose daily life shall eloquently say, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." For though man's forehead be lifted towards the stars, his feet are planted upon the earth, and a sound, pure mind must have a pure, sound body in which to dwell.

There are marriage feasts brilliant with orchids, each spray of which costs more than could be earned in a twelvemonth by the white-faced woman who, at starvation wages, made the garments of the bride, and the service of silver and gold that gleams on the festal board cost more than two hundred families in hovels of that city spend in a year.

The public school is the great training ground for the future citizens of our Republic and it is the duty and privilege of the State to faithfully teach the nature of alcohol and its effect on the human system; while innocent childhood has an unquestioned right to receive from the educators of the commonwealth the truth concerning this vital subject.

No person can feel thoroughly at home with any one who is not hospitable to his ideas. The question is not so much: May we be entertained by you, but may our hopes, inspirations and purposes put up at your house, warm themselves by your fireside and make themselves at home under your roof and in your heart of hearts?

It is a good thing to find out all that is helpful in the beliefs of Oriental nations, but they will strive in vain to give us any record of Christ-like deeds that is at all comparable to that made by our brothers and sisters, who, leaving home and friends, have consecrated their lives to making known in these same countries the unsearchable riches of Christ, among which the hallowed home of purity and peace stands first of all.

What if a man should find that only by bringing the very best the world contains to everybody else can he ever really come to the very best himself? What if man should grow so great as to desire the equal comradeship of the gentle partner of his gladness and his grief? What if they should go hand in hand through all the fields of education, art, society, and government? What if there should be some day no rich, educated and titled, no poor, ignorant and debased?

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is to my thought but a vast and growing network of telegraph lines, along which fly swift and blessed messages transmitted by that Divine Spirit whose central battery is the heart of Christ. Slow, difficult, and adventurous as is the work of building these lines, establishing the stations, enlisting and teaching the operators, one forgets the hardship in remembering what are the messages and whence they come throbbing over the wires with their sweet "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Modern science has proved that alcohol is the enemy of healthful physical, mental or moral growth and development.

The opacity of the mind, its inability to project itself into the realm of another's personality, goes a long way to explain the friction of life. If we would set down other people's errors to this rather than to malice prepense, we should not only feel more kindly toward our fellows, and get more good out of life, but the rectitude of our intellects and the justice of our judgments would increase. For instance, it is my purpose, so far as I understand myself, to be considerate toward those about me; but my pursuits have been almost purely mental, and to perceive what would seem just to one whose pursuits have been almost purely mechanical, would require an act of imagination of which I am wholly incapable. We are so shut away from one another that no one tells those about him what he considers to be ideal treatment on their part toward him. He thinks about it all the same, mumbles about it to himself, mutters about it to those of his own guild, and these mutterings make the discontent that finally breaks out in reforms whose tendency is to distribute more equally the good things of life.

The blossoming of woman into deeds of philanthropy gives us a hint of the truer forms of society that are to come.

But the discords and jargon of the shore are well-nigh silenced to the ear of him who hears the solemn anthem of the sea; and with eternity so near us, its waves rolling at our very feet, its breath upon our foreheads, let us not be disconcerted, knowing that if bad men curse and vilify our names, good men will defend and bless them; knowing that our good work shall gladden hearts and homes now sorrowful and dark; knowing that God is with us, and that when we go forward with the patient courage He imparts, "all discords, met by harmonies," will "die in the large and charitable air."

It would ill become me as a woman to forget that if men want the earth, women are enough like them to be content with nothing less than half of this bewitching planet; and that if we are coming to our kingdom, we have our brothers largely to thank, for is not possession nine points of the law, and did they not early foreclose the mortgage given at Eden's gate, and gain possession of the globe in its entirety?

It was our big brother, Man, who, at the banquet of Minerva, said to his sister, "Sit down beside me." And since he said it, we have gone dutifully to school. It was he who read our books and encouraged us to write more. It was he who listened to us on the platform and applauded every good thing we said; it is he who invites us to his counsels, ministerial, educational, medical, and philanthropic; he who must let us into the pulpit if we enter, as we know we shall, and that ere long; he who must swing wide the door to the throne-room of government, and bid us share his regal seat as joint rulers with him of this republic. In short, there are men—and men. Why should not those of largest magnanimity do all that they have done and more for us? Are not their wives and daughters women? Did not their earliest and holiest purposes dawn upon them in the mirror of a mother's loving eyes?

Each of us is sent into the world by himself, to fight and conquer for himself, and when all is said an infinite remoteness from every being, save God, encompasses each one of us from the cradle to the grave.

Cosmos has not a consequence without a cause; it is the business of reason to seek for causes, and, if it cannot make sure of them, to construct for itself theories as to what they are or will turn out to be when found. But the trouble is, when we have framed our theory, we come to look upon it as our child that we have brought into the world, that we have nurtured and trained up by hand. The curse of life is that men will insist on holding their theories as true and imposing them on others; this gives rise to creeds, customs, constitutions, royalties, governments. Happy is he who knows that he knows nothing, or next to nothing, and holds his opinions like a bouquet of flowers in his hand, that sheds its fragrance everywhere, and which he is willing to exchange at any moment for one fairer and more sweet, instead of strapping them on like an armor of steel and thrusting with his lance those who do not accept his notions.

Organized motherhood is a force, the strongest, the most deeply rooted, the most steadily enduring, that this planet knows.

Good words that mean good will are stepping-stones to God.

Power is a magic word and includes everything for which the human heart has capacity or has desire. Why should we not aspire to it? The Bible tells us we are to judge the angels and that we are in His image, the All-Powerful. We cannot help, nor does He wish that we should help, these lofty aspirations. And because He knew they would be regnant in us, He provided a way of meeting them; just as He sends light to the eye, sound to the ear, love to the heart, so He sends power to meet the aspirations, but in your soul let there be nothing less than an aspiration after the power of an endless life and the power of the world to come.

The resurrection of Christ is the need of our day. He has dwelt behind a curtain of mysticism; He has been buried in the grave of ecclesiastical formulae, wrapped about by the cerements of superstition, until the common people, who would hear Him gladly if He were permitted to speak the language of their common life, have grown weary and sad, saying, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

The happiest thing in life is doing good according to a plan.

What a world this is, to be sure, and how we struggle about in it, straying off from those whom we love and those who love us, to strange, unfriendly regions, resolutely turning away from books and quiet to take in their stead pain, weariness and toil; yet in it all there is the comforting reflection that we are right, that in our nature there still exists, notwithstanding all our sins and ignorance, a spark of Godhood, a shimmering ray from the stars that shine serenely in the zenith of the angels, a breath of divinity which stirs within every human soul.

When I recite the creed these days, it means vastly more to me in every way than it did ten years ago, but no shining sentence in it has gained a brighter glow than the words, "I believe in the communion of saints." I now think that this refers to the purer days of Christ's early church, when, as the New Testament so simply and beautifully says, "They had all things in common." There were then no rich, no poor, but all dwelt together in unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace. I believe this condition of things is as sure to return, as Christ is true, and I urge the study of this living question, warm with the love of God and of humanity.

Why is it that people generally, and women especially, are so unwilling to have their ages known? We are immortal, and, for aught we know, eternal. We never regard Gabriel as old, though the prophet Daniel first introduced him to us. If we do not think of age when we think about eternity, why should we in time, which is only eternity cut off at both ends?

The capacity of the human mind to resist knowledge is nowhere more painfully illustrated than in the postulate laid down by average minds that home is always to be just what it is now—forgetting that in no two consecutive generations has it remained the same; and the other postulate that man's relation to the home can never change—forgetting that the one constant quantity in his evanescent relations to every sublunary object has been change itself.

I believe in uniform national marriage laws, in divorce for one cause only, in legal separation on account of drunkenness, but I would elevate and guard the marriage tie by every guarantee that could make it at the top of society the most coveted estate of the largest-natured and most endowed.

In my thoughts I always liken the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to Joan of Arc whom God raised up for France, and who in spite of their muscle and their military prowess, beat the English and crowned her King! But evermore she heard and heeded heavenly voices, and God grant that we may hear and heed them evermore! To the martyrdom of public rebuke and criticism they will surely lead us, a sacrifice not easy for gentle hearts to bear; doubtless, also, with some of us to the actual martyrdom by which a national history grows sacred and heroic; but following where they lead, we shall steadily pass onward from the depth of this world's pain to the heights of eternity's peace, and best of all we shall help to lift Humanity, so weak and so bewildered, nearer to the law, the life, the freedom of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Let us, then, rejoice and take courage: the electric light fights against the Sisera of rum; every witty invention, every intricate machine, every swift-moving engine hastens the dominance of Him upon whose shoulder shall yet be a government into which shall enter nothing that defileth neither whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie.

The laurels of leadership are often vicariously worn. The truest heroes are of the rank and file; theirs the small round of duties done as unto God alone; theirs the weary toil of march and trenches; theirs the contest without conquest, the valor without renown; theirs the unselfish devotion that glories to see their leader's name writ large, and upbears him in faithful arms when he is wounded. Yes, and Heaven be thanked, theirs is the choicest chrism of character for this world and for that which is to come; theirs is the crown of life which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give them in that day.

Resolve that neither public opinion, nor narrow-minded pride, nor any other creature, shall prevent us from showing, whenever we can, kindness as delicate, and respect as genuine, as we know how, to those whom the community as a rule treats slightingly or with positive meanness. If we do this we shall be of value to the world whether the world knows it or not. We shall bring some happiness into troubled and wounded hearts, and, oh, will it not be sweet to remember in the hour when we shall most need comfort, the hour in which we are to die!

As the world grows kinder we shall trust each other more. Our ideal world is never solitary but peopled by presences loving and gracious, from whom we would not wish to hide a secret—indeed, as the angelic world interspheres more closely with our own, we shall have fewer secrets to hide. Light and not darkness is the emblem of the heaven toward which we all aspire, and in the proportion that we gain it, we shall find that in us there will be no darkness at all.

. . .

We have learned that a force which, when indirect, is helpful, will be helpful also when it becomes direct. Even as the moisture that is diffused through the atmosphere does not lose its characteristics when it is condensed in showers, so woman's influence, confessedly the most benignant and pervasive force in human life, will not change its character when to its indirect power it adds the concentrated force of woman's ballot. We have perceived the unthrift and unwisdom of manufacturing by slow and costly processes a given amount of public sentiment in favor of prohibitory law and then declaring that one-half of it shall remain unutilized.

We cannot doubt that the long and prosperous reign of a woman sovereign has done more to open a larger life to all English-speaking women than any other single cause; but back of it all is Christianity, which made it possible for Victoria to be a Queen by permission of Anglo-Saxon men, and rendered her a ruler who has compelled the respect of the world.

We believe that when coal in the mine and not in the grate will warm you; when flour in the barrel and not in the loaf will feed you; when wool on the sheep's back, and not woven into cloth will clothe you, then public sentiment that is lying around loose and not gathered up through the electric battery of the ballot-box, or sent tingling along the wires of law, will change the ways of men.

Woman as an individual, standing beside man as her equal partner in life, love, and opportunity, is the ideal of the typical American. Man in the home is becoming a new factor under conditions that make him joint high-priest of that holiest temple made with hands. The nearer he approaches to the cradle, the happier for him and for his home and for the state.

It will be like dynamite under the saloon if, just where he is, the minister will begin active work against it; if, just where he is, the teacher will instruct his pupils; if, just where he is, the voter will dedicate his ballot to this movement, and so on through the shining ranks of the great powers that make for righteousness, from father and mother to kindergarten toddler, if each will this day do what he can, just where he is!

The highest power of organization for women is that it brings them out; it translates them from the passive into the active voice. The dear, modest, clinging things didn't think they could do anything, and, lo and behold! they found out they could. They come to you with a quiver of the lip, and look at you so hopeful and expectant, and wonder if they could do something; and a year or two later you hear them with a deep voice and perfect equipoise telling their dearest thought to a great audience, or you see them in the silent charities carrying out their noblest purpose toward humanity.

Let us help to usher in the day when strength shall mean protection, and power shall mean kindness.

From human nature's ever vocal Gerazi sounds the beatitude: Blessed are the inclusive for they shall be included; and from the Mount Ebal of its malediction sounds the doom: Cursed are the exclusive for they shall be excluded.

When I write the words "human being" they seem to involve a limitation that I wish also to disclaim, for our "silent neighbors," mysterious and wonderful, our beloved friends who go on four feet or who have taken to their wings, have moved up so closely to us that they too seem to belong to the family. Therefore, in using the terms, brother or sister, I wish to cultivate the thought, feeling, and purpose of a universal helpfulness and good will toward everything that lives and moves and has its being.

A floating plank, helpless among the waves, and the keel of a stout ship traversing the great deep toward its desired haven, are illustrations of the futility that must always attend an individual compared with the power that the combining of many individuals exert, over the realm of society and government.

Mother had talked to us so much about America that from earliest recollection we had spelled nation with a capital N. To us our native land was a cherishing mother, like our own in gentleness and strength, only having so many more children, grateful and glad, under her thoughtful care. We loved to give her praises, and half believed that sometime, when we grew big enough, and got out into the wide, wide world, we should find her and kneel to offer her our loving service and to ask her blessing.

I have always believed the lack of mechanical inventions as the fruit of woman's brain, was superinduced by a false training, and that possibly doll-nurture had something to do with it. Perhaps because my own early years were spent on a farm, I have thought that live dolls, that is, pets, were nobler, as they are certainly far more frolicsome and responsive companions for children than the wax imitations that form the "regulation pattern" toy of girls.

Resolved, That I will utter no word and convey no thought unworthy of a Christian disciple.

God made woman with her faculties, her traits, her way of looking at all great questions from the highest to the lowest, and he made her to be a helpmeet for man, and he made man to be a helpmeet for her; he made them to stand side by side, sun-crowned; he made them to stand in a republic, as I believe, bearing equally its magnificent burdens.

The white light of truth shines always through the stained glass window of the brain. Witty and wonderful as man's inventions are, they have been wrought at grievous disadvantage, and the temperance reform has a purpose no less rational than so to cleanse and polish the skylight of the brain that God's white light, undimmed and unrefracted, may shine down upon an illuminated, developed and redeemed Humanity.

"John Jones, wife, child and nurse," as we see it in the registers of fashionable hotels, is a frequent reminder of the pit from which wives are slowly being digged. The man who writes "Mr. John and Mrs. Jane Jones," may be regarded as well on the road to a successful evolution! although "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones," is about the correct thing up to this date.

All arts, inventions, philanthropies, religions, are but tentacilae put forth, searching for the means to make the man of the future, who shall be what all who have the vision and faculty divine have always prophesied he would yet be—a microcosm, the mirror of the universe.

The foamiest natures are not silenced by Niagara, by Mount Blanc, by the Jungfrau's awful purity, or the terrors of Vesuvius, for their flippant tones have smitten me in all these sacred places. But from the little child in our midst—a bright-faced boy of four—to the rough, kind-hearted driver, not one word was spoken by our party as the heavenly vision of Yosemite, framed in fleecy, flying clouds, greeted our thoughtful eyes, and spoke of God to our hushed souls. Except beside the dying bed of my beloved I have never felt the veil so thin between me and the world ineffable—supernal. "Earth with her thousand voices praises God," sang the great heart of Coleridge of the vale of Chamouni; but here the divine chorus includes both earth and heaven, for El Capitan rears his head into the sky, while Sentinel and Cathedral Rocks and sky-climbing Cloud's Rest round out the full diapason of earthly and of celestial praise.

Why it is not just as sensible to teach good manners as a theory and art as it is to teach singing, I can not understand. In a democracy like ours good manners ought to be a branch specially attended to in all the schools. Especially would I have it introduced into the public schools and continued throughout the course of study.

They tell us that the saloon is the poor man's club. When I hear that, I often say to myself, "What is his wife's club, I wonder?" Alas, too often she finds that hers is his shillalah!

Character is habit crystallized.

The labor question is our question. Prostrate and crushed under the mountains of injustice that are piled upon the poor, lies the degraded woman to whom financial independence, equal pay for equal work, has often proved the lifting lever to a rehabilitated life.

Never forget that the only indestructible material in destiny's fierce crucible is character. Say to yourself over and over again as you toil onward, utter it early, repeat it often, "Fail me not Thou."

I had always thought that no fair-minded person could have a doubt of woman's inherent right to be a delegate to the General Conference, since women constitute at least two-thirds of the church membership, bear more than one-half its burdens, and have patiently conceded to the brethren, during all generations, its emoluments and honors.

I can never rid myself of the idea that a spirit alien to them looks out of the eyes of dogs, cows, and horses I have seen. The expression is so wistful, as of those that long for something forever unattainable. It is a curious thought, of which I cannot clear my mind; in its practical workings it is a good one, too, for I try always to be kind to animals, particularly those of the large, hungry eyes.

The noblest temple in God's universe is marred and blackened, shaken and shattered by the saloon poison that sickens every sense along the streets of all the world. From the heights that lift him nearest heaven, a few glasses of what they sell by government permission behind the screens that cannot screen their shame, will dash a man to the devil's plane.

To glorify God in our bodies, where we are especially commanded to glorify Him, and which are just as sacredly His as the spirits to which we have given a disproportionate amount of religious thought, seems to me the most luminous duty of the hour. Not only to do this, but while keeping the commandment ourselves, "to teach men so," is the tap-root of the temperance reform. Until we find it, we do but see men as trees walking; we do but grope in the twilight, instead of sunning ourselves in the broad daylight of beneficent truth.

It seems to me our Heavenly Father trusts us just as fast and as far as He can. We are not yet steady-headed enough to navigate the air, traverse the depths of the sea, transform the face of nature at our will and decide what sort of weather it shall be tomorrow. Brains clean from alcoholic fumes and clear of all tobacco cobwebs; brains unperturbed by the fever of this transition age alone can carry to success those co-operative forces by which we shall yet change the old proverb, "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost," to "each for the other that there may be no hindmost for the devil to take."

All ages have witnessed to some degree the chivalry of man, but this age is giving us a new development—the chivalry of woman. For the magnificent materialization of force has a worm in the bud. It is not more certain that jungles are dangerous because of lions, and rocky valleys because of snakes, than that cities have their wild beasts and stealthy serpents. Man has killed off the roaring beasts and creeping things that hiss and spit out venom because he has a strong arm and a stout heart. Saint George slew the dragon and rescued the beautiful maid, but women saints are stout of heart against the serpent of the still; against the wild beast of impurity and the stealthy tiger of the gambling den. Women wield the sword of the spirit with untrembling hands, and their chivalry toward man shall yet clear the jungles of civilization from the trio of scourges that lie in wait to devour him body and soul.

The World's W. C. T. U. would never have been founded but for the co-operation of Christian missionaries, who are undoubtedly the best exponents of the Gospel that the church has to show.

Forgiveness of wrongs is a plant of origin altogether heavenly, the most fragrant exotic that ever bloomed in human heart. I bless beyond words the Heavenly Gardener who has tenderly watched over the small, struggling posy in my own wayward soul. Beyond all other treasures I value this one; and next to its sandalwood perfume I prize the fruit of resignation in sorrow. These two are the choicest results of Christian horticulture. That they take root in earthly soil is the best possible prophecy of heavenly gardens where they may grow and thrive when Christ who is our life shall appear. In this tender and sacred hope I wait for His coming.

The world seems like a great human heart, the warmth of whose growing love and the rhythm of whose steady pulse, is a dynamic power through which God works to make all things new, and pure, and brotherly. May you and I, like ruddy drops floating through this same heart, contribute our full fraction of this divine outworking.

Christ is the magnet of humanity, and she has found the best vocation and the highest who brings most souls diseased within the healing power of His immortal gospel.

I recognize joyfully the progress we have made since I was a student, when no girl was really "stylish" who wore less than eight white skirts trailing on the ground after her. But how slowly we move when women of refinement will lace themselves as of old, pinch hands and feet, bare their heads to the blast that their tufts of bonnets may be "like the rest," and simper their criticisms on "dress reform."

The supreme duty of the hour is to convince the moderate drinker that he is doing himself harm. If only this belief were general men would soon become a law unto themselves to such a degree that statutory enactments would be but the outward expression of an inward grace. Upon the sullen fortress of moderate drinking the artillery of the temperance reform must concentrate in future years. It has been an incalculable gain to make drunkenness a disgrace instead of an amiable peculiarity, as it was a hundred years ago, or a pardonable peccadillo, as it was a generation back. The forces that have worked to this end are precisely the same that must now be directed against so-called "moderation." We must stoutly maintain the position that there is no moderation in the use of what is harmful.

While we do not adopt as a finality the representations made by poets and romancers concerning the social outlook, we know that in all ages the poet has been the prophet of humanity more than other men. His intellect, far-sighted, gives him a more brotherly heart than his fellows, and I believe the greatest heart that ever beat, even that of the Founder of our religion, energizes the labor movement of our time, even as Christ set before the world in the early church an object-lesson in community of interests, property and comfort which is yet to be universally realized among men.

The time will come when it will be told as a relic of our primitive barbarism that children were taught the list of propositions and the names of the rivers of Thibet but were not taught the wonderful laws on which their own bodily happiness is based and the humanities by which they could live in peace and good will with those about them. The time will come when, whatever we do not teach, we shall teach ethics as the foundation of every form of culture, and the "faith that makes faithful" in every relation of life will become a thing of knowledge to the child of the then truly Christian republic.

I believe the mother-heart was given to poor humanity for purposes of wider blessing than we have dreamed as yet. It is deep and changeless as the tides of the sea, and no heart beats quite so close to God's as hers who through the sacrament of pain and danger alone can come into her kingdom, and whose face is the first one ever mirrored in the celestial eyes of a little child.

"Thou hast done us only good," so she prayed who had been bereft of the tenderest of mothers, and had lost out of her arms her loveliest child; "Thou dost brood over us, as the mother bird broods over her helpless little ones," so she prayed who had known much about the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Every considerate word we utter concerning those about us, every time we give them the benefit of a doubt in our judgment of their motive, every time we take occasion to couple with our demurrer from their position some saving clause of appreciation, we are habituating ourselves to that charity which suffereth long and is kind, that heavenly love which alone can make us meet for heavenly company.

From my observation of my own brother and hundreds of young men who have been my pupils, I have always held that a boy's heart is not set in him to do evil any more than a girl's, and that the reason our young men fall into evil ways is largely because we have not had the wit and wisdom to provide them with amusements suited to their joyous youth, by means of which they could invest their superabundant animal spirits in ways that should harm no one and help themselves to the best development and the cleanliest ways of living.

The only medical faculty which will be recognized by the happy people of that future which hurries smiling on, is Doctor Diet, Doctor Sleep, Doctor Exercise, and Doctor Dress Reform. Commend me to this blessed quartette, who are today the heaven-sent allies of the temperance movement.

God grant that we may be so divinely led that history's verdict upon our work shall be: *By God's blessing they helped to make the world wider for women and happier for humanity.*

As we, my bicycle and I, grew better acquainted I thought how perfectly analogous were our relations to those of friends who become slowly seasoned one to the other: they have endured the vicissitudes of every kind of climate, of the changing seasons; they have known the heavy, water-logged conditions of spring, the shrinkage of summer's trying heat, the happy medium of autumn, and the contracting cold that winter brings; they are like the bits of wood, exactly apportioned and attuned, that go to make up a Stradivarius violin. They can count upon one another and not disagree, because the stress of life has molded them to harmony. They are like the well-worn robe, the easy shoe. There is no short road to this adjustment; not any will win it short of patient continuance in well-doing.

Some young man, perhaps, is saying in his heart, "I want riches and I mean to have them." Why should you not? The quest for riches is a grand one, but let us not seek pinchbeck when we can all have gold. Let us rather strive together for the "riches of grace in Christ Jesus."

Even when we study the natural sciences we soar amid the stars, and hammer the rocks, and dissect the flowers; but we place the study of our own more splendid organism at the foot of the list, instead of building the whole edifice of education upon this solid rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Our obliquity of vision at this point is fatal to the logical sequence of our entire scheme and will be the amazement of wiser and happier generations.

The loneliness of leadership is not unlike that of the scout, the sentry and the explorer. The leader is first to draw the enemy's fire; he is first to tread where serpents hiss and noxious vapors rise. He is held responsible for the failures of his following, for their mutinies and marplots; their random blows strike him ofttimes rather than the enemy, and of him upon the human plane it may be justly said, as of our blessed Master on the divine, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

The people who help the world, and whose names are praised and blessed—whose memories yield perennial fragrance and form the examples of our times—are not the people who have excelled in polka or in waltz.

God's laws written in our constitution have put an everlasting ban upon those who hold lugubrious views of life or disheartening opinions about the holy war in which they are enlisted soldiers. Whether we realize it or not, to do this is to be a traitor. We are in an army where "to doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin." Let us not then pipe on our own little reed the discontent that the devil may whisper because it is his tune, but let us join our voices in the Hallelujah Chorus which calls bravely out: "In the name of our God we have set up our banners."

The human biped is a timid creature, who loves to march in platoons rather than to strike out swiftly and alone; but he carries a jewel behind the forehead, and is, therefore, the single sentient creature concerning whom there is hope. You can change his opinions though they are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and dearer to him than his own right eye. There are forces that can disintegrate from the igneous rocks of his prejudice the broader stratifications of kindlier custom and more righteous law. What with "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little" of persuasion founded upon justice, the work is done.

We "New Women," "Progressive Women," "Radical Women," if so it please any to call us, are devoted altogether to that ideal home which shall equalize the twain whom God hath joined together and so empower the mother-heart that it may work its sacred will in winning the stormy heart of man into the safe and blessed harbor where the holiest experiences that life can know shall mellow and exalt the three-fold nature which is yet one in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace—husband, and wife, and child.

Some young people are saying to themselves, "It is well for you to talk so in the midst of your years, but as for me, I am young, and I want pleasure. Our first parents were born in the Garden of Eden and we cannot quite forget our natural heritage." Dear youthful friend, I am glad that you so frankly avow a preference so noble. Why should you not want pleasure? For myself, I am frank to say it is the central wish and purpose of my life; so you and I agree. But I have read upon this sacred page, through microscopes of tears that made the words grow larger, "At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

May the patient, steadfast work of Christian women so react upon politics within the next generation that the party of God will be at the fore; that ministers will preach for it from their pulpits, and Christian men be as much ashamed to say that they never go to the caucus as they would be now to use profane language or defame character; for there is just one question that every Christian ought to ask; namely, What is the relation of this party, this platform, this candidate, to the setting up of Christ's kingdom on the earth? How does my vote relate to the Lord's Prayer?

It is the perfected product of which account is to be taken, whether it be in the fabric of cloth or that of character. Trace your material to its ultimate, and either in the service of the many or the embellishment of the few, it has always come to something immeasurably greater than it was at first. You may not judge it on the way; and you must remember that, if you are loyal to the best opportunities you have, more and more as the years pass by, you will be dealing with the product, not in its crude beginning but in its moulded perfectness.

A normal Christian stands in the midst of a great, beautiful and varied landscape. It is the landscape of beneficent work. Above him arches the boundless sky, brilliant with stars of God and Heaven. Love and friendship form a beautiful rainbow over his landscape and arch up toward his sky. But the only two great environments of the human soul are work for humanity and faith in God. Those wounded in love will find that affection, dear and vital as it is, comes to us not as the whole of life, not as its wide, wondrous landscape of the earth, not as its heavenly vision of the sky, but as its beautiful embellishment, its rainbow fair and sweet. But were it gone, there would still remain the two greatest and most satisfying pictures on which the soul can gaze—humanity and God.

Sacred and beautiful is the mission of the White Cross. The fullness of time has come: the world is ready for it, and the twentieth century shall lift it to the sky, the cross of Him we love—no longer with tinge of war and carnage, but white with promise of a manhood that bears forever in its breast the lily of a spotless life, while as of old its gleaming legend still shall be, "By this sign conquer."

Going up Broadway one dingy morning, in my early temperance work, alone in the omnibus, and with a long drive before me, I thought, as I observed the crowd of working people coming along the streets, "How shall I think of them? They are an object-lesson set before me for an hour, what shall I learn?" And then a mocking spirit answered, "Look at them carelessly, as a diversion;" and the curious spirit said, "Study their physiogomy, you can guess their nativity; learn all you can from this strange spectacle." And then a voice from loftier regions said, "Look into their faces with a prayer." Ah, that changed all! The scene was now most holy, and as they passed along, the women often with weary, anxious faces, the men overwrought, and in many cases with the trade-mark of the drink demon stamped in their cheeks; the children careworn before their time; the sorrowful faces of the old, with their gray hair blown by the unpitying wind; my heart lifted up in this one prayer, "God, bless the crowd. Christ, save the crowd!" and never did the sense of what prayer means and the tenderness that confesses the universal bond of humanity come to my spirit in a prayer-meeting as strongly as it came in that rumbling omnibus.

Because woman in our most civilized nation is still so related to the law that the father can will away an unborn child, and that a girl of seven or ten years old is held to be the equal partner in a crime where another and a stronger is principal; because she is in so many ways hampered and harmed by laws and customs pertaining to the past, we reach out hands of help especially to her that she may overtake the swift marching procession of progress, for its sake, that it may not slacken its speed on her account, as much as for hers that she be not left behind.

As civilization becomes complex the brain acquires more convolutions to the square inch, and thus its delicate tissues are more ruthlessly torn by the coarse intruder, alcohol. By parity of reasoning, the more complex the civilization developed, the more vital will it be that those who handle that fine mechanism shall have all their keenly trained powers keyed up to concert pitch. If a great commercial nation is to hold its own with the forces of chemistry, electricity and invention now on the field, the pulse must beat strong, yet true, the brain must think with lightning speed, the hand must be steadfast as steel.

A grand old word is that Saxon word "lady," meaning "giver of bread." But "the Master is come" is the deeper insight which leads us to revise this definition in accordance with the latest researches, so that it reads, "Lady, giver of the Bread of Life." In the sweet evangelism of home, some are bestowing their best energies—and this world has no employment that is more sacred—while daily increasing numbers are giving their leisure hours in the larger home of Christian philanthropy, where society becomes the foster parent of thousands worse than motherless. Let us work from, rather than toward the cross. Let us strike out into the desert from the oasis of our rest of faith, bearing the waters of life to those who, on the barren sands, cheated by the mirage of worldly pleasure and parched by the soul's insatiable thirst, stretch toward us their feverish hands for help and succor.

No school of manners so ennobles a man as the home school. As woman goes more into the world, the home functions of the father and mother will be equalized to his great advantage in tenderness, and to hers in equipoise and continuity of thought.

Paris and Jerusalem! What contrast greater does our various earth afford. They are at the two opposite poles of human life and history. The one gratifies every sense, pleases every taste, is the bright, consummate flower of modern civilization, the long result of time in its most winning sense, the admired of all admirers; the other girt about with gray and barren hills, hedged by stern and solemn walls, with no beauty, no attraction, hardly even the ordinary comforts of life to offer to the weary pilgrim; and yet drawing him to her withered bosom with a spell to which he gladly yields, and melting his heart with a love, pity and hope that take fast hold upon the dearest ties, that reach backward through all ages and forward to the consummation of creation's mystery.

In the process of acquiring any new power there are growing days and stationary days; just after a dull, depressing, dubious interval we seem to get an uplift and forge ahead better than ever. It is like a spurt in rowing. This seems to be the law of progress in everything we do; it moves along a spiral rather than a perpendicular; we seem to be actually going out of the way, and yet it turns out that we are really moving upward all the time.

There are many marvelous discoveries in this much-lauded nineteenth century, but chief among them is woman's discovery of herself. To come to consciousness is ever more to come to power.

The "Human Question," including in it the woman question, as a circle includes an arc, is the objective point at which we aim; for the "Everybody Chorus" is to our ears the most inspiring music this side the hallelujah chorus of Heaven. We want no solo of bass or soprano—we want no Paganini twanging one string, even though his art were magical. Give us the orchestra! But all the same, we are thankful to note the rapid development of women in power and clearness of mental grasp, vigor of expression, business ability, knowledge of parliamentary usage, and many other particulars which tend toward that personality which is the glory of the home as of the State. For as it is the study of a florist to differentiate and perfect the undeveloped into the individualized plant, so in God's glorious human garden there is no work so significant to the well-being of all, as the fullest evolution of each into his best—her best. Beyond all who have ever lived, Christ was the prophet and the priest of *individuality*.

The golden test of character is in Colossians iii. 17, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." That is life's topmost round, its loftiest ideal, one that carries with it happiness for others and for ourselves, and brings out all the power there is in any one of us. If this is your ideal, the forces of the universe are on your side; there is a momentum from the great Parental Spirit of the world. No harm can come to you on any planet if the supreme law that gives unity to your life is this one Master. It is a very practical thing to carry out this law, and if we are sincere it will make Christ master of our money, master of our time, master of our tongues, master of our influence; and if it does not, then what we claim concerning consecration is sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and it is nothing more.

To disagree with gentleness is a far higher triumph of Christian grace than to be gentle just because we happen to agree; and to accept the will of the majority without dreaming of disunion, helps to educate us for the heavier strain on our steadiness of nerve which the duties of citizenship will ere long involve.

Let it be remembered that for every Christian man who has a voice in making and enforcing laws there are at least two Christian women who have no voice at all. Hence, under such circumstances as now exist, His militant army must ever be powerless to win those legislative battles which, more than any others, affect the happiness of aggregate humanity. But the light gleams already along the sunny hilltops of the nineteenth century of grace. Upon those who in largest numbers love Him who has filled their hearts with peace and their homes with blessing, slowly dawns the consciousness that they may—nay better still, they ought to—ask for power to help forward the coming of their Lord in government—to throw the safeguard of their ballots around those who have left the shelter of their arms only to be entrapped by the saloons that bad men legalize and set along the streets.

The mother-nature patiently preoccupied in deeds of love for those about her, has been slowest of all to reflect on her own innate powers, and has not until recently so much as dreamed of the resistless force of the world's aggregated motherhood.

Very sacred seems the comradeship of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Nothing in life has so satisfied some of our hearts. It is a high and holy calling. As I have long believed, it is God's way out of the wilderness for half the human race. In its glowing crucible, the dross of sectional enmity is being rapidly dissolved; the trifling occupations, the narrow aims, the paralyzing indolence of women, are barriers burned away by its all-conquering heat; while their once impoverished lives are expanding into wide areas of gracious strength and heavenly magnanimity.

The women who have gathered to the peaceful war-cry, "For God and Home and Every Land," can conceive of no good that ought not equally come to all; they work for nothing less. They believe that every heritage of life should be at the beck of the lowliest. They would not revolutionize, but they would steadily help on the evolution of the common joy.

Evermore the motto is: In I am and on I must. Yet how many of us chatter like a sparrow or mourn like a dove when we ought to be soaring and singing like a nightingale.

Some men take that great word "salvation," broad enough to flash across the whole heavens, and shut it up in the cell of their own preconceived notions.

The three requisites for success are ability, availability, and responsibility. The first is native, the second acquired, the last conferred. In every worker, whose work is worth the name, these three must meet, and the greatest outcome of the woman's temperance movement in its original and organic form was that it gave to women of ability the schooling in which they acquired availability, and helped them to the positions in which, through responsibility, they grew from what they were to what they had the power to be.

We speak our words of praise too late. We blow the trumpet of our approbation at the earnest worker's ear—but not until Death's finger has closed it up forever. We utter at the graveside the tender words that might have kept sensitive souls with us in a new lease of life. We build monuments with money that, if bestowed upon the living toiler, would have re-enforced the wasted energies and re-awakened the declining courage. Dear friends, these things ought not so to be.

I will tell you how it is with me: I go like a bee into the gardens of thought; I love to listen to all the voices, and I go buzzing around under the bonnets of the prettiest flowers and the most fragrant, just like this bee, and when it is a lovely life and a sweet life, it seems to me I get a lot of honey; but I have a wonderful bee-line fashion of carrying it all home to my own Methodist hive. I couldn't do any other way. I am made that fashion; it is part of me. It is worked into the woof and warp of my spirit, the result of the sweet old ways in which I was brought up.

Just as a strong and skillful swimmer takes the waves, so the bicycler must learn to take such waves of mental impression as the passing of a gigantic hay-wagon, the sudden obtrusion of black cattle with wide-branching horns, the rattling pace of high-stepping steeds, or even the swift transit of a railway-train. At first she will be upset by the apparition of the smallest poodle, and not until she has attained a wide experience will she hold herself steady in presence of the critical eyes of a coach-and-four. But all this is a part of that equilibration of thought and action by which we conquer the universe in conquering ourselves.

Perhaps "society" itself will pass away. Who knows? One feels like saying this below one's breath, and yet, who knows? There are so many better things to do than to sit for two hours as devotees around the stomachic altar of a dinner table, or to spin in a waltz, taking attitudes elsewhere indecent or intolerable. But society dissected down to the marrow, yields but these two spectacles, and these two will pass away. Banish wine from the dinner, dancing from the evening entertainment, and "society" with its late hours and indigestions would ere long collapse.

The church that within the next generation opens widest doors of ecclesiastical freedom to women, will be the church of Gospel triumph and heavenly benediction. The reforms that women lead shall win men's will and work, as certainly as a true mother can count upon her son. For tact is talent working by love, and winning by worthiness.

A morbid self-consciousness is the greatest hindrance to any heart. Man is like an engine —the greater and the more perfect, the less conscious is it of its parts, but the more conscious of its power.

Joy is the outcome of balanced faculties, and an environment that presses its good gifts equally upon all. Anything short of this shows that sweet-bells are jangled; the ardent, endless aspiration of the human spirit is for nothing less than joy.

The law already declares how we must dress in order to be presentable in public places; let it go a step farther and forbid women to mop the streets with trailing dress skirts, or to deform their figures by compression of the floating ribs. If ever there was a legitimate subject of legislation in the interest of public propriety, public health and an improved humanity, this is one.

Life has but one problem to solve,—how self may be driven from the throne, and love placed there in its stead. Practically worked out, this problem is to substitute for the old motto,—"Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," this truer one, Each for the other, that there may be no hindmost for the devil to take. All sincere reformers are today occupied with this supreme inquiry: How shall life, in its purpose and environment, most completely lend itself to Love?

He might have carried his cup of cold water to some thirsty one with steady hand, but he was jostled in the midst of crowds and spilled it on the way.

If, in the interest of the race, we strive to gather up mankind's best thoughts, embodied and emblazoned, in order that the best shall be brought to the knowledge of the most, how much higher is the hope that would at the same time convene the noble thinkers themselves; and what thinkers could assemble for purposes more praiseworthy than those whose life work it is to help set free from thralldom that sacred instrument of thought, the human brain?

I love a brave, strong character that walks the earth with the step of a king, and an eye that does not quail before anything except its own dishonor.

Beauty, money and fame cannot be carried beyond the horizon line that shuts around this cradle of a world; but love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, are jewels which by their very nature will survive the transit to the world invisible.

The brain is but a stained glass window now, we wish to change it to a crystal pure and brilliant. To make man as God would have him be, the student of perfection must study his heredity, must hover like an unseen guardian about his cradle, his desk at school, his happy playground, his thoughtless and endangered youth, his tempted manhood, and must guard, not only against beginnings of ill in his own separate career, but their organized form in the habits, customs and laws of his nation and his world.

Only dull souls believe the world grows worse. The more we know of it the more we know that it is growing better at incalculable speed. Wherever Christianity goes, and its white wings have in our day flown even to the sources of the Nile—and to the land of the Midnight Sun, to the Indian's "teepee," and the Mormon's harem—there go the truth and light of life of God.

The time will come when the gates of Gospel Grace shall stand open night and day, while woman's heavenly ministries shall find their central home within God's House, the natural shrine of human brotherhood in action, as well as human brotherhood in theory.

When we think about a child's candor, virtue so sweet and rare that its possession by a man renders him beloved and famous; about a child's simplicity, supremest grace of mature life; a child's gentleness, the sunshine of all character; a child's faith, coveted as vainly as it is ardently when we have grown worldly-wise, then it cannot seem improbable to us that life's earliest years are mellowed by the remembrance of a lovelier existence "in God, who is our Home."

In the interest of men, that is, that their incentives to the best life may be raised to the highest power, I would make women so independent of marriage that men who, by bad habits and niggardly estate, whether physical, mental, or moral, were least adapted to help build a race of human angels, should find the facility with which they now enter its hallowed precincts reduced to the lowest minimum.

Whose vocabulary would bear the electric light of publicity from one year's end to another? A Christian ought to stand this test. Let us raise a standard right here. Get out your memorandum book and pledge yourself hereby "with God's help"—

I have seen many a negative developed into a positive by honest praise. It is akin to being loved—that greatest grace which can fall upon a human spirit in any world. More than any other stimulus, discriminating praise develops a true ambition, which is the love of love and the desire of power for ends wholly beneficent, an ambition which makes one smitten by it supremely desirous to be lovable.

Ours is a dyke-building century. Total abstinence for our own and others sake builds the barrier of intelligent and noble choice between our lips and the bewildering glass, while prohibition constructs its massive dyke between the brewery, distillery, and wine cellar on one side and the homes of the people on the other.

Just as you now play without the music and do not think what notes you strike, though once you picked them out by slow and patient toil, so if you begin of set purpose you will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to you, and make more music in your life than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung.

Be it our happy task always, with voice and pen, to applaud every scientific discovery, to appreciate every scientific mind, to welcome as friends all those who are investigating nature, for each and every one of them, whether he knows it or not, is a servant of the Most High, and a pioneer who has struck out into the forest of ignorance and superstition to blaze the trees, that the great army of mankind may march along the broader and the safer path. The two guardian angels of humanity are Science and Faith.

In the fullness of time this mighty work has been given us. Preceding ages would not have understood the end in view and would have spurned the means, but the nineteenth century, standing on the shoulders of its predecessors, has a wider outlook and a keener vision. It has studied science and discovered that the tumult of the whirlwind is less powerful than the silence of the dew. It has ransacked history and learned that the banner and the sword were never yet the symbols of man's greatest victories, and it begins at last to listen to the voice of that inspired philosophy, which through all ages has been gently saying: "The race is not always to the swift, neither the battle to the strong."

But woman's everlastingly befrilled, bedizined and bedraggled style of dress is today doing more harm to children unborn, born and dying, than all other causes that compel public attention. With ligatured lungs and liver as our past inheritance and present slavery, the wonder is that such small heads carry all we know. Catch Edison and construct him inside a wasp-waistcoat and be assured you will get no more inventions; bind a bustle upon Bismarck and farewell to German unity; coerce Robert Browning into corsets, and you'll have no more epics; put Parnell in petticoats, and Home Rule is a lost cause; treat Powderly in the same fashion, and the powder mine of failure will blow up the Labor Movement. Niggardly waists and niggardly brains go together. The emancipation of one will always keep pace with the other; a ligature around the vital organs at the small diameter of the womanly figure means an impoverished blood supply in the brain, and may explain why they are so terribly afraid of a term which should be their glory, as it is that of their brothers—strong-minded.

Remember that only the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the Golden Age of Man.

The tendency to repeat the same act and the greater ease with which this is done the second time than the first, and the third time than the second, is the key to paradise, as well as pandemonium. The slow, unerring, unfailing plan of God, is one by which our habits may become our step-ladder to saintship. To my own heart I have said what I now whisper to whoever reads: "No evil habit, however small, shall have dominion over me." For I am free to say I have set out for saintship and nothing less, though only God knows so well as I how long the road and how far off the goal.

Women are becoming the true cosmopolitans; and best of all, not commerce and selfishness, but Christianity and self-renunciation set the key to their wide outlook. The Foreign Mission Society has domesticated their thoughts at the ends of the earth. Madagascar and Bombay are present to their minds as Kansas and Ohio. White ribboners following in this path, have the wide world as their heritage, and a new world-sense thrills the heart of woman. In reflex influence what an illimitable power this new sense is to be in moulding the natures of their children to the ideal of universal brotherhood!

The five senses are set like jewels on the forward side of this house we live in; the back of a man's head or of a woman's bonnet are strangely uninspiring. The eyes look straight on; the brow bends toward the future, not the past; the feet would turn to clubs if turned any way but forward; and the fingers break before they would grant a backward grasp even of gold. All going forward leads to the finding and the firm possession of one's self.

"May my right hand forget its cunning" when it ceases to indite the praise of Christian missionaries who are undoubtedly the best exponents of the Gospel that the Church has to show.

I frankly tell you how it is with me this sweet Easter day. The inmost voice, deep down in my heart, says: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Receive it as I go forth into the crowded ways of life with so many voices calling me on every hand. Receive my spirit!" It will be the last thought that this brain will think, it will be the last quiver of this heart that has ached and rejoiced, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

"We shall fail you some day," whisper tired bones and muscles as we sit together in the twilight. "You cannot count on me as once you did" speaks that hardest worked muscle of all, the heart, with its emphatic beat. And then one sighs a little, until clear, unwearied voices, sweet as silver bells say, "But we will never fail you, the beautiful reason, the radiant hope, the ever-deepening love, the unperturbed, unwearied will; we will only brighten with the years and broaden into the infinite brightness and blessedness of heaven."

As the thought of man moves along the path of power, "earth with her thousand voices praises God," and men find that they can not get away from Him. He is the light, the life, the movement of the universe, and it begins to look as if the final analysis that the utmost human power of the mind can make of God is that He is the greatest and most beneficent of powers, although the most unseen, the most removed, yet nearest, so that every heart may have, if it but wills to open like a little blossom up towards God, what Christians call "the witness of the spirit," and that this is an expression as strictly scientific as any proposition of geometry.

In all this wondrous battle of life let our motto be, Womanliness first; afterward, what you will. Let us follow with unchanged devotion the gleaming cross of Him who is holiest among the mighty, and mightiest among the holy, even that loving Christ whose gospel raises woman up and with her lifts toward heaven the world!

Those who have arrived at power from the gratitude, affection, and confidence of their fellow-men will always be recognized by the simplicity of their bearing, their characters and lives, because they will perceive that they have no reason to be otherwise. Humanity alone is great. Individual leaders are but the little pin that registers in a thermometer the greatest height the column of mercury has reached; they are borne upon the shoulders of their comrades to heights none could achieve or bear alone.

We have been building better than we knew in the effort to lay deep and strong foundations for the temperance reform, by the study of those undergirding laws of wholesome living in diet, dress, sleep, exercise and ventilation, which shall ere long outrank grammar and geography in every school curriculum.

To my thought, all the teaching in our public schools, while wholly unsectarian, is notably religious. Never let it be said that our schools are godless while they teach health which is physical holiness; while the ever present burning Sinai of God's "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not," sounds its decalogue in children's ears. Thus saith nature, thus saith reason, thus saith the Lord,—these clarion voices of physiology and hygiene describing the sacred laws written in our members, never resounded in so many ears as in these very days.

America, dear to me as the beating of this glad heart.

There are two doors now open that I would, had I the power, lock before sunset: first, the mouth of the moderate drinker, by enlarging his scientific knowledge and mellowing his heart in wiser love to God and man; and next, the door that shuts every brewery, distillery, and grog-shop. The key that would do this is prohibition by law, prohibition by politics, and prohibition by woman's ballot—may we soon grasp it in our firm and steady hands! We can do this; we purpose to do it; we will do it.

This temperance work has taught us that as God has given us eyes which can look up and round but not within ourselves, the most healthful Christian life is one that gazes lovingly into the face of Christ and helpfully round upon humanity, instead of tiring itself out with morbid introspection.

We shall never climb to heaven by making it our life-long business to save ourselves. The process is too selfish; the motto of the true Christian is coming to be, "All for each and each for all," and in the honest purpose to realize its every-day meaning we acquire "A heart at leisure from itself," and in no other way.

Thousands once called "spinsters" because society had found nothing for them to do but spin; thousands more, whom death, or that death-in-life called dissipation, has bereft of their strong staff and beautiful rod; and yet other thousands who, when their nest was left unto them desolate because the birds were fledged and flown, once sat with folded hands through life's long afternoon—are now finding a place where their activities exactly fit into the varied and musical machinery of beautiful and blessed work.

No man (or woman either) is good enough to legislate for another; the voice of the whole people should be heard in every law, and there will be no justice, nor even the approach to it, until this voice is heard the wide world over. But the people cannot speak wisely unless they have clear brains, and this is why we are total abstainers and would gently but bravely, without haste and without rest, persuade all others to come and join our band.

The watchword of those who believe in prohibition by woman's ballot is "Two votes for the home where it now has but one." We can in no other way so re-enforce the Nation's conscience or purify the polluted blood of the body politic. Hands that in some saloon have just put down the whisky bottle or shuffled the greasy pack of cards, are putting ballots in the box that are like the match to a powder mine. God grant that soon those other hands may be released that have been busy with home's most sacred ministries; that have sheltered helpless infancy; cooled the fevered brow of anxious manhood and been clasped in prayer while woman's voices have cried out, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The economies of co-operative housekeeping never looked so attractive or so feasible as since the homemakers have learned something about the priceless worth of time and money for the purposes of a Christ-like benevolence. The value of a trained intellect never had such significance as since we have learned what an incalculable saving of words there is in a direct style, what value in the power of classification of fact, what boundless resources for illustrating and enforcing truth come as the sequel of a well-stored memory and a cultivated imagination. The peurility of mere talk for the sake of talk, the unworthiness of idle words and vacuous, purposeless gossip, the waste of long and aimless letter-writing, never looked so egregious as to the workers who find every day too short for the glorious and gracious deeds which lie waiting for them on every hand.

That great peace movement, seeking as its final outcome a court of international arbitration as a substitute for war, promises more momentum to our home cause than any other. For, as the chief corner-stone of the peaceful state is the hearth-stone, so the chief pulverizer of that corner-stone is war.

The women of this land have never before had such training as is furnished by the topical studies of our society, in the laws by which childhood shall set out upon its endless journey with a priceless heritage of powers laid up in store by the tender, sacred foresight of those by whom the young immortal's being was invoked. The laws of health were never studied by so many mothers, or with such immediate results for good on their own lives and those of their children. The deformed waist and foot of the average fashionable American never seemed so hideous and wicked, nor the cumbersome dress of the period so unendurable as now, when from studying one poison habit, our minds, by the inevitable laws of thought, reach out to wider researches and more varied deductions than we had dreamed at first.

Never were so many good heads and warm hearts pledged to each other for the reign of Jesus Christ in custom and in law, for the literal adoption of His precepts as the only code never to be outworn, and the grouping of humanity around His person as the one steadfast, shining light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

God's word constantly sets before us images of vigor, of action, of power. Women need to study these; they need translating out of the passive into the active voice; out of aimless reverie and into resolute aim.

As is the food so is the man: drink beer, think beer; eat pork, and be porcine. The multiplication table is not more accurate than the law of food; all distempers filter down the throat. Tell me what thou eatest and I'll tell thee what thou art. Children can be trained to physical holiness, and the knife and fork may become the flaming swords that guard the gates to their health-paradise. God hasten the day of a scientific motherhood that will build into her child before and after birth the beatitudes of wholesome appetite. Then will alcoholic drinks gurgle into their normal home, the gutter, instead of bespattering the temple of God, and tobacco will send the smoke of its torment from the bottomless pit, where it belongs, rather than from that holy place, the organs of human speech and the cradle of that heavenly rainbow—a human smile. But we must begin with the babe in arms, for the grown man is "up in arms" at the mere mention of such a revolution.

There are two classes: Men of whom this world is not worthy and men who are not worthy of this world. But in the last analysis one thing remains and that is this: It does not pay to be ambitious; the rewards are too transient and too ambiguous. Only he who feels a destiny upon him, the "woe is me" of St. Paul, the "here I stand" of Luther, the "I will be heard" of Garrison, has gained from God the momentum of soul that will enable him to take each wave as it comes toward him, and then like some strong swimmer in his agony, win the shore of victory at last.

The waves of humanity are lifting themselves higher on the shore than in any previous age. As you study the source of power, you find it is in the center of the wave. The ragged edge below carries but sediment; the bright crest is but feathery foam. This is an emblem of the great truth, that the middle class in every age and nation carries reforms. Its equilibrium of nature and environment enables it to do so. It is broad-shouldered for that purpose, it is the fit survival, and nothing can withstand its power. Generously it carries the dregs of humanity in its train, and where its great waves go, the foaming white-caps of wealth and fashion follow.

From the home life of the nation, from its mothers and sisters, daughters and sweethearts, there sound through the darkness of this transition age the tender notes of a dear song, whose burden is being taken up and echoed back to us from those far out amid the billows of temptation, and its sacred words are "Home, Sweet Home!" God grant that deeper and stronger may grow that heavenly chorus from men's and women's lips and lives!

The Roentgen rays are invisible, but how great is their power, even to dividing asunder joints and marrow and revealing the inmost intents of the very organs of life. A mighty faith has fallen on the heart of man since he knew about these rays. They reveal to us the invisible as the most real thing in the material world. Indeed, it begins to dawn upon us that there is no supernatural because there is no natural world; all is the Present God, whose mode of action means the Present Heaven.

Our principles and our endeavors are the inevitable outcome of the philosophy of our century.

Once the light of the gospel temperance movement was nebulous; now it shines in the steady blaze of stars and constellations. Once thousands of our noble sisters stood upon the pedestal of "woman's sphere" cold as Pygmalion's statue toward the world's awful heartache; but now, smitten into newness of life by the divine spark of Christ's love, they have struck out into the common world about them, to act a mother's part to thousands worse than motherless.

The question is most pertinent, If the fire department can be so carefully organized as to stretch from the center to the remotest corner of a great city that it may protect material interests, why cannot the forces that are energized by the celestial fire of life and the Spirit of God give enough light and leading to combine their forces and send them out along every line of danger, so that "where sin aboundeth grace shall much more abound"?

We have consecrated our knees to Him when it was our hands He wanted; we have courtesied to a man-made altar when He asked our obeisance for humanity itself.

Patriotism has always been part and parcel of my religion. From the first flag I ever saw, patterned for me by my mother when I was a little prairie girl, out of an old pillow-case with red calico stripes sewed on and gilt stars pinned in the corner, I have always looked upon America as the Majestic Mother whom her grateful daughters would gladly live to serve or die to save.

Public sentiment is, in man's mental world, what steam and electricity are in the world of things mechanical. We must not only know why the times are out of joint, and what will put them where they ought to be, but we must harness the forces that will do it to the car of reform. In short, we must hitch our wagon to a star.

Any law that renders less binding the mutual, life-long loyalty of one man and woman to each other, which is the central idea of every home, is an unmitigated curse to that home and to humanity. Around this union, which alone renders possible a pure society, and a permanent state, the law should build its utmost safeguards, and upon this union the gospel should pronounce its most sacred benedictions.

I have slowly learned to see the stately steppings of the Son of Man in every law laid down by Him through whom the worlds were made, so that nothing good seems secular to me, but the spirit of Him who thought it no robbery to be equal with God, breathes through science and politics no less than through philanthropy, and where the breathings of that Spirit are, there beats the Heart of Christ and vibrates the heavenly music of the Golden Rule.

The numerical balance of patriotism in our country is the patriotism of women, and its quality is as choice as its quantity is great. The W. C. T. U. has its eye on the Benedict Arnolds in politics who would gladly sell out the country in exchange for offices and salaries, junketings, jobbery and Tammany rings. The day of reckoning is near; it is like a wave about a mile off and a mile high, and Brother Jonathan's query to the machine politician may well be: *Can you swim?*

Our W. C. T. U. is a *school,* not founded in that thought, or for that purpose, but sure to fit us for the sacred duties of patriots in the realm that lies just beyond the horizon of the coming century.

Here we try our wings that yonder our flight may be strong and steady. Here we prove our capacity for great deeds; there we shall perform them. Here we make our experience and pass our novitiate that yonder we may calmly take our places and prove to the world that what it needed most was "two heads in counsel," as well as "two beside the hearth." When that day comes, the nation shall no longer miss as now the influence of half its wisdom, more than half its purity and nearly all its gentleness, in courts of justice and halls of legislation. Then shall one code of morals—and that the highest—govern both men and women, then shall the Sabbath be respected, the rights of the poor be recognized, the liquor traffic banished, and the home protected from all its foes.

Whoever goes straight on telling the truth, helps more by that than he could in any other way to build up the world into a beautiful and happy place.

Whoever has within the last hour had the greatest number of serene and helpful thoughts is the person who best illustrates the purpose of God and His creation.

The larger participation of men in the life of the home will be the evangel that shall add to their splendid heritage the saving grace that comes from their final coronation with what Tennyson calls "childward care." It is from the creed and cult of the cradle that woman has derived those qualities most worshiped by men, and which she in turn would worship most in them did they exist in that intellectual as well as heart fruition into which they will doubtless develop under the guidance of the future civilization in which good women shall bear an equal part.

One dominant purpose runs through all our modern civilization. Science spells it out slowly from the writing in the rocks, from scattered monuments and fossil languages, and pronounces it the Unity of Man. Statesmanship discovers that the woes of one nation are the misfortune of all, and so frames treaties and forms alliances of mutual defence and service in the name of the Solidarity of Man, but Christianity, perceiving the higher significance of all these studies and their practical results, prays, pleads and labors for the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

In the glittering galaxy of modern thought there is no heavenlier star than was set there by the faithful hand of Froebel with his beautiful motto, "Come, let us live for our children." As Froebel's philosophy goes up, the frenzy of stimulation must go down. They cannot live side by side, and in the struggle for life the fittest will survive. The scientific spirit which is certain to dominate the twentieth century also places supreme value upon the keenness and integrity of the senses. Skill and deftness in handling, nicety of touch, accuracy of record; all these are essential to success in the problem and experiment by which those results are reached which form epochs in the march of science. But the habit of stimulation is the deadliest foe of scientific accuracy.

It is not improbable that the chief value of the little work that we have tried to do on this small planet lies in the fact that we have been to some extent attempered by it, we have become inured to contradiction, and we may be useful either in coming visibly to the help of those who toil in the reforms of the future, or we may be waging battles for God upon some other star.

Only those who have not studied history lose heart in great reforms; only those unread in the biography of genius imagine themselves to be original. Except in the realm of material invention there is nothing new under the sun. There is not a reform which some great soul had not dreamed of centuries ago; there is not a doctrine that some father of the church did not set forth; the Greek philosophers and early Christian fathers boxed the compass once for all: we may take our choice of what they have left on record.

He passes many other ships and for them all he should hoist signals of good will and helpfulness. It is for him to say out of a heart that means those pregnant words, "Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, that drives me nearer home." He who meets life in this spirit is a victor, no other ever can be; and it is not in the plan of God that any other should.

Some persons are like weather vanes; they show which way the wind blows; but others are like the mountains; they determine which way the wind should blow. Temperance people are a mountain range and prohibition legislation the loftiest of its peaks.

Water is the brain's natural restorer and lubricant, and any material sold or used which produces its deterioration beyond the degree that any other material does or can, should not be made or sold under the guarantees and safeguards of the State.

When the gospel of a pure life shall have been imbosomed in young manhood's life for one blessed generation, the sanctities of fatherhood shall be seen to exceed all others to which a manly spirit can attain in this state of existence, and the malarious dream of wicked self-indulgence shall slowly but surely give place to the sacred self-restraint which waits to crown with all good fairies' gifts the little life which noble love alone may dare invoke.

We, in our little corner, doing our work well-nigh unnoted by the world at large, are helping by our small increments of power to create this complete human being—the goal of all desire and hope. The coral zoophyte builds not more surely on the unseen reef that yet shall rise in gleaming beauty above the deep sea's level blue than we are building for universal and perfected human nature.

White ribbon women in almost every civilized nation under the sun are working to perfect the network of that mental and spiritual telegraph whose central battery is the heart of Christ, and along which, when it is builded, shall flash those danger signals which shall blight what is evil and brighten all that is good.

Born of such a visitation of God's spirit as the world has not known since tongues of fire sat upon the wondering group at Pentecost, cradled in a faith high as the hope of a saint, and deep as the depths of a drunkard's despair, and baptized in the beauty of holiness, the Crusade determined the ultimate goal of its teachable child, the W. C. T. U., which has one steadfast aim, and that none other than the regnancy of Christ, not in form, but in fact; not in substance, but in essence; not ecclesiastically, but truly in the hearts of men. To this end its methods are varied, changing, manifold, but its unwavering faith, these words express: "Not by might, not by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Some men declare that woman shall not vote because she cannot fight, that is, she shall not save because she lacks power to destroy!

To my mind the greatest result that the first century of organized temperance reform has wrought is the isolating of the traffic into special channels. Anatomists speak of "dissecting out" a nerve or muscle. It is a work of great patience and delicacy. They must separate the fraction sought from all surrounding tissues and protecting environments. So, to dissect out, to lay bare and separate the alcohol trade from all others; to isolate it in the saloon; to hedge its dealers into a class by themselves, with which no other intermeddleth, save the machine politician and the floater called a voter "in blocks of five"—this is the supreme achievement of Christian civilization in its war upon the drink that steals away the brain. For it is a cardinal principle in every mind of warfare that you must first isolate your enemy that you may successfully deal him the *coup de grace;* you must cut off both supplies and retreat before victory is sure.

Whoever speaks lightly of Jesus Christ, that radiant figure uniting in itself all that is holiest in both man's and woman's character, let it not be a woman's lips that thus curse themselves in cursing Him whom they should bless.

We are one world of tempted humanity; the mission of the white ribbon women is to organize the motherhood of the world for the peace and purity, the protection and exaltation of its homes. We must send forth a clear call to our sisters yonder across all seas, and to our brothers none the less. We must be no longer hedged about by the artificial boundaries of states and nations; we must utter as women what good and great men long ago declared as their watchword: The whole world is my parish and to do good my religion.

If we were more thorough students of the Past we should be braver prophets of the Future. Only those who have not studied history lose heart in great reforms.

To me the Bible is the dear and sacred home book that makes a hallowed motherhood possible because it raises woman up, and with her lifts toward heaven the world. This is the faith taught me by those whom I have most revered and cherished; it has produced the finest characters that I have ever known; by it I propose to live, and, holding to the truth it brings us, I expect to pass from this world to one even more full of beauty and of hope.

The martyrdom of women under existing laws is their actual canonization. The saints of these days are the saints of the shop who fight with greater heroism than the soldiers of Balaklava, that they may not become the sinners of the street.

The popular idea has been that the schoolmaster's field of operations was bounded above by the dome of the cerebrum and below by the level of the eyebrows. Modern research is rapidly extending the territory of this dignified personage. The discovery is being made that an educated man ought to be something more than a Drummond light, which, brilliant though it may be, is quite as well adapted to purposes of warning as well as illumination. This light must still be kept aloft, but strong cables must be woven to brace it up and hold it steady. Education must take hold of the ready hand and train it to some form of labor or of skill, and it must invade the citadel of a child's nature, his heart, out of which are the issues of life.

Mother-love works magic for humanity, but organized mother-love works miracles. Mother-hearted women are called to be the saviours of the race.

Alone, we can do little. Separated, we are the units of weakness; but aggregated we become batteries of power. Agitate, educate, organize—these are the deathless watchwords of success. The fingers of the hands can do little alone, but correlated into a fist they become formidable. The plank borne here and there by the sport of the wave is an image of imbecility, but frame a thousand planks of heart of oak into a hull, put in your engine with its heart of fire, fit out your ship, and it shall cross at a right angle those same waves to the port it has purposed to attain. We want all those like-minded with us, who would put down the dramshop, exalt the home, redeem manhood, and uplift womanhood, to join hands with us for organized work according to a plan.

Recognizing that our cause is and will be combated by mighty, determined and relentless foes, we will, trusting in Him who is Prince of Peace, meet argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciation with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer.

Our God-consciousness comes late. We are born of that great Being which has far more of the mother nature than man-made theology has ever set forth. In that Being we live and move and have our own, but the most intelligent and happy hour that comes to us is when we begin to hear, and feel, and know the beating of the Heart that is the home of every creature God has made.

Woman is the mercury in the thermometer of the race. Her status shows to what degree the race has arisen out of the dust.

Tune the lives of boys and girls to the same key, teaching them the same sports, the same books, the same standards of purity. And when they must leave the shelter of the home roof, send them out hand in hand to schools where men and women shall teach our youths and maidens in the larger home of those co-educational colleges which have developed the best brain, the sturdiest muscle, the healthiest and happiest lives.

Only when the cobwebs are all swept away from the soul's sky-light can a man really think God's thoughts after Him.

Instead of accepting any belief as in itself a final formulation of the truth expressed in the words chosen by fallible human beings, I am learning amid all the contradictory voices of this Babel country to say in my deepest heart: "What Thou wouldst have me believe, Son of Man Who art the Son of God, that I believe. Thy heavenly words are oftentimes too great for me; they are telescopes through which I try to look, but my gaze is dimmed, sometimes because of tears." The white light of God's truth shines through the stained glass window of my brain, but I would it were white light and not discolored or refracted like a stick in water by the imperfect medium through which is has to pass. Christ is to me, as I move forward toward the bourne whence we do not return, more and more the vital center of all that is worth cherishing in this or any world, and by His words that are life I seek to be transformed into the spirit of His mind.

The greatest thing possible to be conceived of by a free moral agent is to have his will geared on to the great driving wheel of God's will omnipotent by belts of faith and bands of prayer.

Truth climbs in spirals, and men's minds have stretched upward like Jack's bean stalk these last years toward the heavenly concept of peace. Whoever helps to impart that inspiration to one more human heart has by no means lived in vain.

The history of the reformer, whether man or woman, on any line of action, is but this: When he sees it all alone he is a fanatic; when a good many see it with him they are enthusiasts; when all see it he is a hero. The gradations are as clearly marked by which he ascends from zero to hero, as the lines of latitude from the North Pole to the Equator.

In an age of force, woman's greatest grace was to cling; in this age of peace she doesn't cling much, but is every bit as tender and sweet as if she did. She has strength and individuality, a gentle seriousness; there is more of the sisterly, less of the siren—more of the duchess and less of the doll. Woman is becoming what God meant her to be, and Christ's gospel necessitates her being the companion and counselor, not the incumbrance and toy, of man.

The W. C. T. U. stands as the exponent, not alone of that return to physical sanity which will follow the downfall of the drink habit, but of the reign of a religion of the body which for the first time in history shall correlate with Christ's wholesome, practical, yet blessedly spiritual religion of the soul. The thought that "the kingdom of heaven is within you" shall have a new meaning to the clear-eyed, steady-limbed Christians of the future, from whose brain and blood the taint of alcohol and nicotine has been eliminated by ages of pure habits and noble heredity. The truth that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, will not then seem so mystical, nor one indicative of a temple so insalubrious as it now seems. The edict, "He that destroyeth this temple, him shall God destroy," will be seen to involve no element of vengeance, but instead to be the declaration of such boundless love and pity for our race, as would not suffer its deterioration to reach the point of absolute failure and irremediable loss.

The best poets are those who revise their poems the most, and life is a poem that needs constant revision.

There is no nest so likely to fledge philanthropists as a Quaker home. Beyond any religious society have "Friends" nourished every reform based upon the eleventh commandment and the Sermon on the Mount. In the army, which, with the sword of the spirit, fights the rum power, even the women of the Quaker church will take up arms.

There is no limit to the forces that man's thoughts will yet start in motion, so that the plains shall be diversified by hills and valleys, and the inaccessible heights lowered to the level, where man may build his happy home upon them, and the poles brought within the range of pleasant weather, and the poet's famous line about "the looks that commerce with the skies," made an everyday experience, while we are signalling our sister planets, and the navigation of the air becomes as simple and homelike a thing as the swift whirl of a bicycle is now upon the street. But back of all must be that faithful little hand, directed by the "gray matter," which is the condensation of development upon this earth, and warmed at the friendly fires of a heart big with the indwelling sense of God and Brotherhood.

We are a world's republic of women, who recognize no sectarianism in religion, no sectionalism in politics, no sex in citizenship. "There are bands of ribbon white around the world," and you and I, bound by their pure, white clasp, thank God and take courage to wage our peaceful war "for God and home and every land." We belong! Let every lip echo the words; let every heart cherish them. Each of us is as much a part of the world's union as is any other woman; it is our great, growing, beautiful home. The white ribbon includes all reforms; whatever touches humanity touches ûs.

The rare and radiant sphere of each man's brain is more marvelous than any globe that glitters in the midnight sky. The limitless outreach of thought that leaves the lightning far behind; the sweet reasonableness of reason; the brilliant play of wit; the white wing of imagination, that angel of the mind; the magic wand of memory; the splendid enginery of will; the witchery of love; the pure, bright flame of God's spirit gleaming at the center of all other powers and lighting up the mighty galleries of mind—all these are royal gifts that all were meant to share.

The human hand will yet become the adequate emblem of the only aristocracy; it is the wizard's wand.

We can never leave out Christ as the central figure and His philosophy as the central fact of our system of education. At the same time our teaching must be as far removed from anything sectarian or involving the statement of a creed as the north star is from the southern cross.

"I will to will the will of God."

If this is the rippling song of life at the center of being, the crust of circumstance makes as little difference as to the flowing brook the ice under which it still sings on, seeking the sea, its source of life and its illimitable home.

Ah, it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune! Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them, with snares that men have legalized and set for them on every hand. Beyond the arms that held them long, their boys have gone forever. Oh! by the dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you give them power to protect, along life's treacherous highway, those whom they have so loved. Let it no longer be that they must sit back among the shadows, hopelessly mourning over their strong staff broken and their beautiful rod; but when the sons they love shall go forth to life's battle, still let their mothers walk beside them, sweet and serious, and clad in the garments of power.

We have cast anchor just for a little while beside this island of a world, but we are bound for the continent of Immortality, and since the ship must so soon lift its anchor, since its gleaming sails beckon us now even as a friend's hand toward yonder fair and mystical horizon, let us take on board a cargo that shall be worth something in the country where we are to spend the longest time. Then fix your eyes upon the fadeless vision of immortality, for whoever has that hope or expectation in his soul cannot be balked or daunted. He fixes his hopes firmly on the heavens; he lets the earth roll under him. Upon the conflicts and the turmoils of the world he looks with calmness, and with the strength that God supplies through His eternal Son he can

> "The crumbling universe defy
> To quench his immortality,
> Or shake his trust in God."

WITHDRAWN